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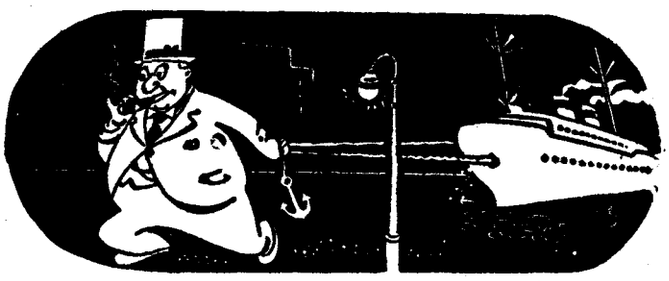

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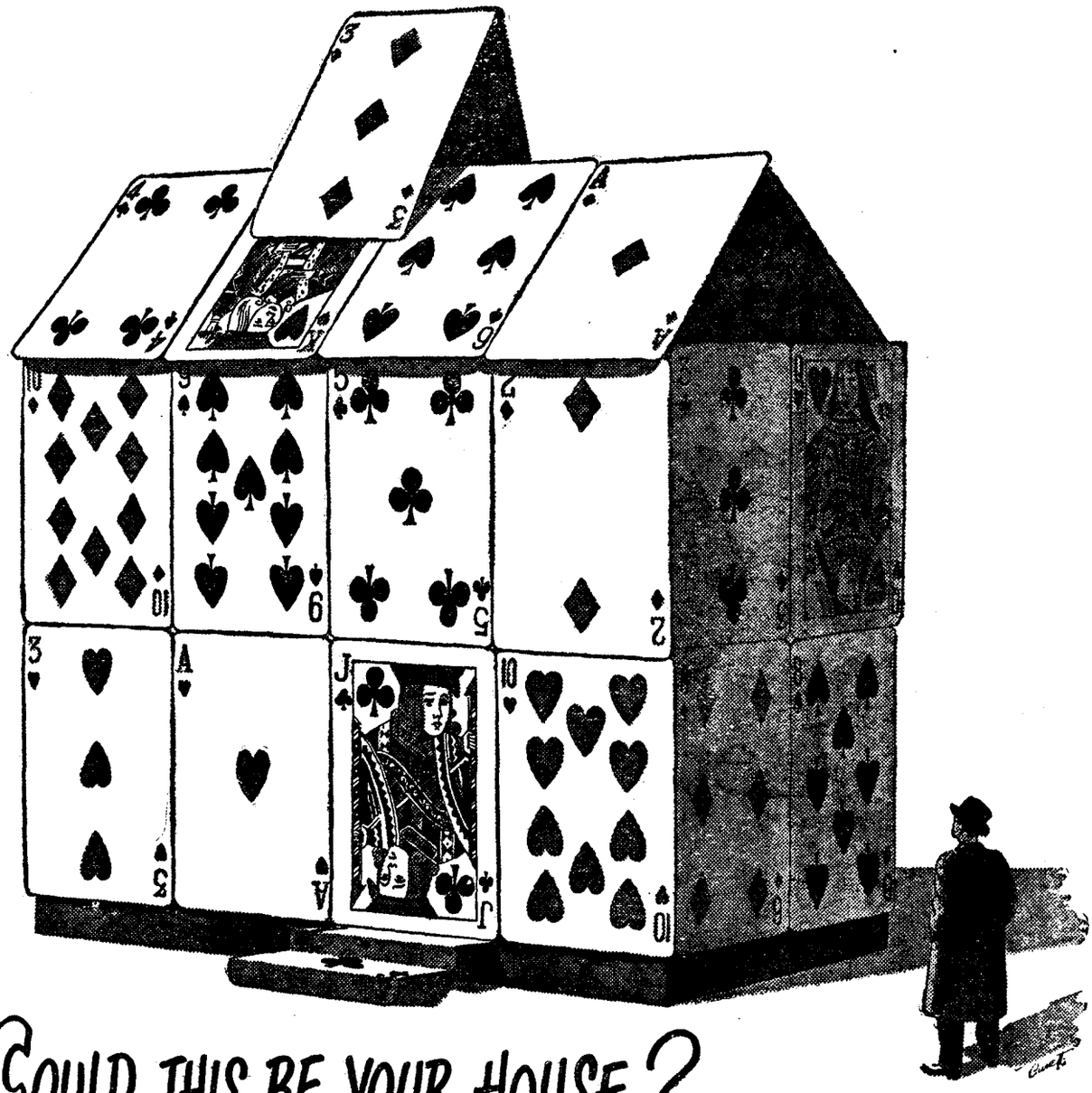

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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One Year After

DURING the year since Germany surrendered to the Allies, the United States has proved itself to be far mightier in war than in diplomacy.

Our military plan worked and brought us victory. Our diplomacy has not worked. It disappoints idealists and pragmatists alike. Symbolically, our foreign policy rests on three generals—Francisco Franco, Chiang Kai-shek and Leslie Groves. These are three wobbly reeds. Franco and Chiang are sure to be ousted from their ruling positions. Groves makes new enemies for America every day by manufacturing more and more bombs.

The decline from the policy of one world to the policy of three generals has been gradual. The chief responsibility for the change lies in the confusion which characterizes the attitude of the President and his officers toward foreign policy and its conduct.

The confusion implicit in the four major aims of United States foreign policy in 1945-46, for instance, has so perplexed the American public that, for practical purposes, many men and women have become isolationists once more. Truman's four goals have been (1) to unify the world in the United Nations program of collective security; (2) to push back the influence of Russia inside the bounds of Russia; (3) to impose parliamentary political liberalism upon Eastern Europe; (4) to attract the world to Manchester economic liberalism.

The first goal so conflicts with the second that both could never be realized. Indeed, by seeking both, the Administration has gained neither. The world, in May, 1946, is divided into two parts—Russian and Anglo-American—and Russian influence has advanced steadily and solidly. Eastern Europe has sought internal economic security instead of parliamentary liberalism, and the rest of the world, England included, has coldly received the proposition that all nations should embrace the notion of free trade which inspired the Manchester school a century ago.

The confusion extends also to details. James F. Byrnes had scarcely become Secretary of State when, last August, he demanded that Bulgaria establish a multi-party government of the most advanced sort in order to promote the cause of democracy. A few weeks later Byrnes turned his back when British and Dutch troops went about the bloody business of reimposing a distasteful and undemocratic political system upon the Netherlands Indies. In Eastern Europe we favor democracy. In Eastern Asia we do not favor democracy. This is too complicated for most Americans. Foreign policy based on insincerity makes small progress.

THE CONFUSION is born of subtle expediencies which busy Americans cannot grasp. In the fall of 1945 Uruguay proposed that the American Republics agree to intervene in the domestic affairs of a country whose government denied minimal democratic rights to the people. Byrnes endorsed the proposal, which assumed that a lack of liberties within a country made that country a menace to peace. Uruguay had offered us a stick with which to belabor Argentina, whose government we wanted to overthrow. In the spring of 1946 Poland proposed to the United Nations that it intervene in Spain because her government denied minimal democratic rights to the people. Byrnes fought the proposal on the ground that a lack of liberties within a country did not make that country a menace to peace. He wanted to keep the Spanish government of Franco in power.

Conflict of motive and confusion of purpose on the part of President and cabinet have endangered the Administration's loan program, especially the British loan. The prospect for passage of the loan resolution by the House is dim. The segment of the population that writes letters to members of Congress remains firmly opposed to sending $3,750 million to London, even at two percent. This is election year. Every member of the House has to seek votes from men and women who want to keep the money in this country.

Are those people wholly to blame? Neither Truman nor his agents have adequately presented to the public the case for the loan. When the late Lord Keynes arrived in Washington last September to begin the negotiations, Truman, who should then have explained the purpose of the loan, sat silent. As the negotiations proceeded, letters began to pour into State Department,

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White House and Congress demanding that we hold on to our money. The letters so shook the American negotiators that when the British wanted $5 billion at very low interest, the United States Government decided that it could obtain popular support for no more than $3,750 million at two percent. The State Department publicity campaign, launched after the negotiations, has won friends for the loan. But the whole matter has revealed a dismaying weakness of leadership.

The advocates of the loan program have disturbed the public by one day assigning economic virtues to international lending and the next day giving it political virtues. Secretary Byrnes has said that the loan to Britain merits approval solely on its economic aspects. When the Export-Import Bank tentatively lent $90 million to Poland, it exacted a political price. The truth is that the loans have the political goal of reducing Russian influence, but the Administration will not say so. Not knowing the true purpose of the lending, the public gives it indifferent support or violent opposition.

The sad fruits of a year of confused policy are being gathered by Mr. Byrnes in Paris. There the Big Four have met to prepare the first drafts of the peace treaties with Italy and the satellites. The peace meeting proceeds more like a preparation for an eventual war. Byrnes blames Russia for the complete disagreement on all major questions. Yet is Russia's attitude strange? We have seen that the program of American foreign policy is meant to contain Russia. Should Russia participate to weaken herself? The great scheme Byrnes presented to the conference is a 25-year treaty for control of Germany—a treaty conceived by Senator Arthur Vandenberg, an angry critic of Russia. Are we astonished that Russia rejects the treaty? Look homeward, angel. Our faults in foreign affairs lie here, not in Moscow.

Crisis in Veterans' Housing

The 90-day-old veterans' emergency housing program is already threatened by maladministration. Through the Civilian Production Administration, which has the authority to accept or reject commercial and industrial construction, more and more scarce building materials are being diverted from home construction to commercial building.

On March 26, National Housing Expediter Wilson W. Wyatt and Civilian Production Administrator John D. Small issued Veterans' Housing Program Order 1, which prohibited most commercial and industrial construction or repairs without CPA authorization. Said the two officials, "This action is taken by the government to save materials desperately needed for veterans' housing. . . . It is taken because only by prohibiting the starting of construction of less essential and deferrable building projects can enough materials be found to provide shelter for the returning veterans and their families." Exemptions included "essential and non-deferrable commercial, industrial and farm construction and unusual-civilian-hardship housing."

While many building trades protested that this would create widespread unemployment in the ranks of construction workers, and commercial contractors gloomily predicted the end of commercial and industrial construction until the end of the emergency-housing program, the so-called "limitation order" has proved to be a dud. The CPA's own figures show that about 90 percent of all applications for commercial building in the past month have been approved. Among the approvals are restaurants, automobile salesrooms, delicatessens, gas stations and haberdasheries.

Protests against the CPA's leniency with commercial building are beginning to appear in letters to the editor and in newspaper stories. One of the most revealing of these stories is the following, from the April 30 issue of the Palo Alto, California, *Times*:

> Branding the Tanforan Race Track's $500,000 reconversion project as deplorable and unfair to the veterans' building program, peninsula labor and construction officials said today that they would not dispatch men to work on the track despite offers of time and one-half. Construction officials pointed out that approximately five million board feet of lumber are being used on the rebuilding of barns for horses and repairs to the grandstand and buildings at the track.

In other words, labor and construction officials, so often denounced for their selfish, grasping attitudes, have seen their duty, where the CPA, charged with the solemn responsibility for obtaining materials for veterans' housing, has not.

Lobby Cripples Public Power

Congress now knows what the electric-power lobby can do. The House Appropriations Committee buckled under the lobby's powerful onslaught when it was considering the Interior Department appropriation bill. The lobby, led by Purcell L. Smith, $65,000-a-year director of the National Association of Electric Companies, kept daily watch on the committee and appeared in strength at its executive sessions. President Truman and the Bureau of the Budget requested a $346,765,830 Interior Department appropriation for the fiscal year beginning July 1. The Appropriations Committee cut the amount to $174,765,579, one of the most drastic reductions on record. The chief cuts were made in the items for public-power projects. The most drastically affected was the Southwest Power Administration. The President had requested $23,323,000 for the development, already authorized by law, of public power in the Texas-Oklahoma area. The committee allowed only $3,298,000. It was the lobbying against this development that prompted Speaker Sam Rayburn, a couple of months ago, to warn the House that the city was "seething" with utility lobbyists. The Bonneville Power Administration had its appropria-

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tion cut by more than one-half and the Bureau of Reclamation item was cut by considerably more than a half. In its report, the committee warned the Reclamation Bureau to stop paying so much attention to the development of hydroelectric power and content itself with irrigation projects.

Politics and Hunger

If anyone had willfully set out to demonstrate the hopelessness of our haphazard program to send food abroad, they could probably have been no more successful than Clinton Anderson. Some of the effects of such "planning" were shown tragically in last week's report by UNRRA Director General LaGuardia. During the first quarter of 1946, UNRRA's shipments of all food products abroad were 1,487,063 metric tons, as against requirements of 3,155,743 tons. Estimated shipments for the April-June period, based on totally uncertain "commitments," are 1,710,143 tons, against needs of 3,272,884 tons. LaGuardia commented officially:

> The allocations made to the [UNRRA] administration are invariably smaller than the screened requirements submitted by it; the commitments to the administration are almost invariably less than those allocations; the cargo made available to the administration is almost invariably less than those commitments. From bitter experience the administration has been compelled to conclude that it cannot be sure of cargo until it is safely beyond the three-mile limit. . . . At the time of writing the administration does not know where it stands with respect to its program of May shipments of bread grains—let alone its position in June or July.

While our government juggles grain prices, hoping against reality for a painless solution, the cries for a realistic food program increase. Sir John Orr, director general of the Food and Agricultural Organization, announced as a keynote for the May 20 meeting of the FAO in Washington that the world food crisis will continue for the next four or five years. He called for international action "which goes far beyond the situation with which the temporary organizations were designed to deal."

A detailed plan of action to institute such a program will be laid down by the national food conference of religious, labor, farm, women's and civic groups, meeting in the Capital on May 22 under the slogan, "Stop Playing Politics with Hunger." That conference is expected to lay out both emergency and long-range attacks on the famine front. A proposed outline for action suggests a temporary rationing system, in part voluntary, to be aided by requisitioning food in warehouses for immediate needs; an international food commission, backed up by a permanent international relief agency and other supports, is suggested to fight hunger in the coming years.

The program that comes out of that conference will represent the views of millions of Americans as represented by their civic leaders. It will be the first concrete step to force united action. Americans should study it and support it.

Profits from Strikes

Last fall and winter, during the battle of the press handouts and conferences which ran concurrently with the picket-line war against General Motors, the CIO's United Automobile Workers stated—despite pious disclaimers by GM—that the corporation's reconversion and strike losses would be subsidized by the United States Treasury. Now, in the spring, comes the payoff. GM claims a subsidy of $87,279,207 in tax refunds and "adjustments."

This handy corporate insurance against the perils of strikes was provided by a kind Congress in "carry-back" provisions of the revenue law. Congress fixed things so that corporations which paid excess-profits taxes on the fabulous sums made during the war years were guaranteed 1939-41 profit floors in the postwar period, no matter what happened.

GM President C. E. Wilson put in a tax-refund bill of $34,415,207 for 1945 profit losses. GM Chairman Alfred P. Sloan Jr., estimating first-quarter 1946 strike losses at $88,988,663, added a tentative refund claim of $52,864,000 for that period alone.

Following suit, President Charles E. Wilson (no relation), of General Electric, figured that the taxpayers owed GE $10 million for losses suffered during the first quarter this year in the 58-day strike of the CIO's United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. The UE guessed that its strike against Westinghouse would yield $79 million in tax refunds to that corporation.

Formerly, the men on the picket lines were cheered by the fact that the boss wasn't making any money either. Now the government makes it hard for the boss to lose, strike or no strike.

Veterans and Health

A leading official of the Truman Administration, General Omar Bradley, recently appeared before the Senate Education and Labor Committee and refused to support President Truman's proposals for national health insurance. Although the health-insurance bill would bring to the veteran and his family medical and hospital services that could not possibly be supplied by the Veterans' Administration, General Bradley avoided admitting that the bill would benefit the veteran. The General seemed troubled by the thought that instead of getting crumbs of medical care for nothing from the Veterans' Administration, the veteran would get a whole loaf under the national-health bill and would pay the same payroll taxes as everybody else.

Under questioning by Senator Murray, who has been leading the fight for health insurance, the General revealed that the Veterans' Administration is now financing medical-society insurance plans which were established by the American Medical Association as an

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alternative to national health insurance. VA contracts have already been signed with the medical societies of seven states and the District of Columbia to compensate their members for out-patient services rendered to veterans. Properly handled, this plan could be of great benefit, since it would enable veterans to go to the doctors of their own choice in their own locality, instead of having to go to VA hospitals. As it now stands, however, the services rendered and the fees charged are controlled almost entirely by the American Medical Association. The result is bound to be inadequate treatment to veterans and undue cost to the Treasury.

The fact that this plan, which is pure and simple "state medicine," is the brain child of the American Medical Association provides a paradoxical commentary upon the AMA's propaganda that national health insurance is "socialized medicine." Basically, the AMA strategy is to develop state medicine for veterans (under AMA control, of course,) as an alternative to health insurance for all. By playing along with this strategy, Bradley is unwittingly helping to produce cleavage between veteran and civilian. Also he is cuting the ground out from under one of the most important elements in the President's domestic program.

War in Palestine?

BY R. H. S. CROSSMAN, M. P.

THE PUBLICATION of the Anglo-American Report on Palestine was followed almost simultaneously by statements from the President and the Prime Minister. Mr. Truman precipitately welcomed the committee's recommendation that 100,000 certificates should at once be issued, but showed no readiness to offer American assistance in implementing an Anglo-American Report. Mr. Attlee, with reference to the same recommendation, expressed the gravest doubts, stressing that he could only accept it if the illegal armies in Palestine had been disbanded and their arms surrendered prior to the entry of the immigrants.

It is important to notice, however, that the deduction which Mr. Attlee drew from the facts presented in the report is in contradiction with the unanimous findings of the committee. The committee considered, long and anxiously, the desirability of making the disbandment of illegal armies a precondition of the entry of 100,000. It finally turned the proposal down as not only quite impossible to carry out, but as something which, while designed to minimize the risk of bloodshed, would enormously increase it.

If the policy is adopted, Britain may well find herself drifting involuntarily into an Anglo-Jewish war, as disastrous and as inconclusive as the hostilities in Ireland which preceded the formation of the Irish Free State. In that case a Labor Government, solemnly pledged to right the wrongs of the White Paper, and to support Zionism, will be brought into conflict, not merely with the small minority of terrorists, but with the whole Jewish population of the National Home.

What are the illegal armies to which the Prime Minister referred? The Palestinian Arabs are relying on the armed forces of the neighboring Arab states, and since they won everything they wanted in 1939, they have had no need since then of illegal organization in Palestine itself. The armies, therefore, which the Prime Minister states must be disbanded before immigration can begin, are exclusively Jewish. In the first place, there are the Stern gang and the Irgun, terrorist groups organized by the Revisionist party and other extreme nationalists, for the purpose of opposing by violence the policy not only of the British administration, but of the Jewish Agency in Palestine. These small groups have been responsible for most of the outrages committed in the last twelve months. There is not even a possibility that they will voluntarily disband themselves or surrender their arms at the request of the Jewish Agency, which they bitterly oppose. It is reasonable to expect the Agency, if the committee's report is adopted by the British government, to assist in hunting these terrorists down, as in fact it did assist in capturing the murderers of Lord Moyne. But it is surely most unreasonable to suggest that the movement of 100,000 Jews from Germany and Austria must be held up until this operation is completed.

It is, however, clear that the Prime Minister referred not merely to the Irgun and the Stern gang, but also to the Haganah (or Jewish Home Guard), and that his view is that this too must be disbanded and its arms surrendered before immigration can begin.

To appreciate fully the impact of this demand on the Jews of Palestine, it is necessary to bear in mind the history of the Haganah. It derives from a Jewish defense force established in Turkish times, but it first developed into a real Home Guard during the Arab revolt of 1936-39. The police and the British army at this period found themselves quite unable to protect the Jews of the National Home. The Palestine Administration therefore trained and paid a Jewish Settlement Police and established caches of arms in each settlement for use in case of an Arab attack.

During the three years of the Arab revolt, Ben Gurion, who had by then become the leader of the Palestinian Jews, ruthlessly imposed the policy of "self-restraint"; reprisals against the Arabs were punished; shooting was permitted only in self-defense. The Palestine Administration itself admits the admirable behavior of the Jews during a period when well over a thousand of them were murdered in cold

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blood. But the Jews had to rely in an emergency on their own fighting power. The Haganah became an essential part of the National Home.

Directly following on the Arab revolt came the 1939 White Paper. To the Arabs, who had organized illegal armies, mostly drawn from outside Palestine, it gave everything—including the promised end, after five years, of Jewish immigration. From the Jews, who had rejected violence and coöperated faithfully with the government, it removed the very basis of their existence. They knew well enough what would happen to them when the promised independence of Palestine became a reality. On that point, the Grand Mufti, in his evidence before the Peel Commission, had left no shadow of doubt.

THE White Paper was the turning point in the development of the Haganah. Since 1939, what had been a genuine Home Guard for defense against Arab violence has gradually become a part-time conscript army for the defense of the National Home against the British and the Arabs alike, in the event of the White Paper being carried into effect. Lately the part-time militia, which includes every Jew, male and female, capable of bearing arms, has been strengthened by a well organized professional nucleus including full-time staff officers and a first-rate Intelligence service.

The training of this Jewish army for modern warfare has been largely a British responsibility. Some 27,000 Palestinian Jews volunteered for service in the British army and served overseas. As they returned to Palestine they automatically joined the Haganah. In 1941, when a German invasion of Syria and Egypt seemed imminent, steps were taken by the military authorities to organize and train a Jewish Home Guard in Palestine. The Jews were the only people ready to defend the country, since the Grand Mufti was already in Berlin and the Arabs of Palestine—in the words of Jemal Effendi at a public hearing of the committee—"had no direct interest in the war." Not content with training the Jewish Home Guard, Britain also selected a considerable number of young Jews for specialized training in sabotage and guerrilla resistance, in the event of German occupation of the country.

There remained, however, the problem of immigration. Thousands of Jews, seeking to escape death in Hitler's gas-chambers, were barred entry into Palestine. Inevitably, illegal immigration was actively supported by every inhabitant of the National Home. How could it be otherwise? How could a Palestinian Jew fail to assist his relations to reach the National Home even if the Mandatory Power said that it was illegal to do so? In organizing illegal immigration the Haganah played a leading role throughout the war, and continues to do so today.

The end of the war and the election of a Labor Government brought new hope to the Jews in Palestine. They had persuaded themselves that the White Paper was an expedient designed to stave off the danger that the Arabs would go over to the German side at a time when we had no troops to spare for the Middle East. After V-E Day, therefore, every Palestinian Jew was completely confident that, now the military danger had been removed and a Labor Government was in power, Britain would once again administer the country according to the Mandate.

No words can express the bitterness of feeling when it was realized that a change of government meant no change of policy. The effect was instantaneous. The moderate elements, led by Dr. Weizmann, had always stood for collaboration with Great Britain and staked their reputations on her readiness to carry out her pledged word. The Revisionists and the other extremists had always preached the insidious doctrine that British strategic interests and oil interests would in the end induce her to betray the National Home, and that, for this reason, the Jews of Palestine must fight their own battle. Within a few weeks of the Labor victory in England, the majority of the Jews had swung away from the moderates. Dr. Weizmann, who remains the one great statesman of Palestine, was left isolated and impotent. Ben Gurion, to maintain his position, began to take a more extreme line, and finally asserted in public that it was now futile for the Jewish Agency to seek to suppress terrorism. The statement was unwise and improper, but it was also a statement of fact. The Palestinian Jews, faced once again with the danger of extermination, were determined to go down fighting.

IT IS FUTILE at this moment to allocate praise or blame for this desperate situation. It is the facts which matter; and the facts are that the Jews in Palestine, organized in the Haganah, will defend, if necessary by force, the rights granted them under the Mandate and of which they were deprived by the White Paper. Everything I saw for myself in Palestine, and everything which I learned from responsible civil and military authorities, confirms this statement. The attempt to disarm and disband the Haganah at this moment would involve a large-scale military operation, not merely against the small terrorist groups, but against the Jewish population as a whole. "And even then," as one officer said to me, "we shall fail. No one, not even the Germans, has defeated a Maquis when it has the people solid behind it, and justice on its side."

There is only one way of reversing the process: in conformity with the unanimous findings of the committee, to annul the illegalities and injustices of the White Paper and simultaneously to call on the Jewish Agency to assist in liquidating the extremist groups and to put the Haganah at the disposal of the Palestine Administration, for its proper Home Guard functions. If this were done, and if President Truman would back the demand for the end of private armies, the present explosive situation could be immediately relieved and the danger of an Anglo-Jewish war averted.

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Washington Wire

Famine, Strikes and the British Loan

HERBERT HOOVER, a conscientious, well meaning, kindly man, has come back from a round-the-world trip to announce that there is a famine. Well—now everybody knows it. In August, 1945, the Food for Freedom group, under the presidency of Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, met in this city. More than eighty national organizations, with a combined membership of many millions, were represented. It warned of impending famine, urged that food relief comitments be given top priority, and pleaded that rationing be continued. It was ignored.

In December, 1945, Governor Lehman, frantically trying to call attention to the crisis, warned of a forthcoming world wheat shortage. He went unheeded.

The simple fact is that America ignored the famine until it was too late; that millions have been given death sentences by apathy; and that under the Truman Administration even our promises to supply food to UNRRA and other agencies now cannot be fulfilled. On May 22, in this city, the Food for Freedom group will hold another national conference. Once again it will urge the timid Administration to consider rationing and to drop its complacent thesis that the crisis is a "60-day" affair.

The hit-run tactics of John L. Lewis resulted in congressional passage of the Smith-Connally anti-strike law on his last big foray. Now anti-labor elements are trying to swing the reaction against his present strike into a measure weakening the Wagner Act. The ironical thing about this, of course, is that most of these proposals don't touch the United Mine Workers at all; the people who get hurt (in so far as hasty anti-strike legislation is at all effective) generally are other unions less well able to defend themselves than the miners. There is a strong element in the Senate that learned its lesson from the Smith-Connally fiasco and it will try to prevent a recurrence. On the other hand, if the coal strike breaks out again it would be almost impossible to prevent strong legislation from being passed. Coal miners live in isolated communities; they distrust the American press; they know that the union is their chief buckler against operators, owners and public indifference. There is a two-year cycle of indignation against the miners when their contract comes up for renewal; then they are forgotten again except when some particularly hideous explosion in a rotten mine kills or maims half a hundred. If Congress really wanted to do something, it could pass a national mine-inspection law with teeth in it, and either itself or through the states insist on adequate compensation for the 75,000 or so miners who will probably be injured or killed this year.

Majority leader Alben W. Barkley is neither a profound thinker nor an eloquent speaker, but he is one of the most effective men in Congress. I privately took my hat off to him when I watched his skilled manipulation of the British loan in its closing days in the Senate. Mr. Barkley is effective because, in the best sense, he respects the dignity of the Senate and within his powers tries to get other Senators to respect it. The four-week loan debate could easily have been finished in a week. The egregious Bilbo, who took part in the crypto-filibuster, did not have the courtesy to be present when the final vote came on the measure he had done so much to delay. It was an exciting scene. The galleries were crowded right up to the iron rafters; attendants seated spectators on the velvet steps. I kept thinking to myself what interest and fascination Congress can exert when it really frees itself from its antiquated rules; what a force for political stimulus and education it could be if it were willing to streamline itself as it did in the final hours of this great debate.

At any rate, Mr. Barkley finally had worked out an arrangement whereby voting would start at a given time. The precious senatorial right to unlimited debate was voluntarily ended. And simultaneously excitement tightened and the galleries filled. The crippling McFarland amendment, which would have made the loan contingent on a real-estate deal for British bases, was defeated by only five votes. The loan itself was approved by 12 votes. Once more the Republicans showed their quasi-isolationism. Whereas the Democrats approved the loan, 29 to 15, the GOP voted 17 for, 18 against, with Vandenberg significantly leading one way, Taft the other. Now the whole fight starts over again in the House of Representatives.

Notes.—A picket line bearing placards was slowly parading as I passed the White House this morning. It was led by an attractive young woman holding the hand of her small daughter, whose sign read, "Let my Daddy out of Jail"; they were relatives of imprisoned Conscientious Objectors. . . . One of the best series of newspaper articles now appearing is by J. A. O'Leary in the Washington *Star;* a dead-pan account of Senator Bilbo's fantastic reëlection campaign in Mississippi. . . . The Washington coverage of *PM* has almost ceased to exist recently due to internal dissensions and changed policies—a loss many readers feel keenly. . . . It seems like old times to be getting the "Clipsheet" again from the Department of Research and Education, Board of Temperance, the Methodist Church; good old Clipsheet, good old Board of Temperance, good old prohibition. . . . Extension of the present draft act "as is" for another six weeks leaves every 18-year-old boy in continuing uncertainty over his fate: the House has voted to exempt him, the Senate hasn't expressed itself. . . . Senator Olin D. Johnston (D, S. C.), a big, stooped, alarmed-looking individual with a foghorn voice, is universally referred to as "Senator Claghorn" in the press gallery; one school of thought holds Johnston is imitating radio's Claghorn; another that Claghorn is imitating Johnston. . . . General Motors told stockholders that $52,000,000 of the $88,000,000 cost of its 113-day strike was written off through "federal income and excess-profits-tax adjustments"; why should big corporations avoid strikes when the Treasury underwrites most of the expense in reduced taxes? . . . Even if the OPA is finally spared by Congress, its morale has been so lowered that key figures are departing; the question here no longer is, "Will inflation come?" but rather, "How far will it go?"

Washington T. R. B.

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Political Roundup

Excitement Down South

LAST WEEK's primary elections in Florida and Alabama were good news for the progressive cause, taken by and large. The near defeat of Representative Luther Patrick, a PAC-supported candidate with an excellent voting record, was the only really bad news in Alabama. Laurie Battle, the World War II veteran who opposed Patrick, came within 121 votes of winning a clear majority. A last-minute count of absentee ballots gave Patrick his chance for a run-off. His possibility of success depends almost entirely on whether labor, which endorsed him unanimously before, puts its heart and soul into the campaign. The PAC, at least, understands the enormous psychological value nationally of a Patrick comeback in this district so early in an election year. The Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the agent of the NCPAC in the South, has already laid plans for redoubled support.

The PAC's candidate for Governor of Alabama, "Big Jim" Folsom, young, six-foot-eight-inch businessman, amazed the entire state by running ahead of the candidate of the "Big Mule" machine, Handy Ellis, who was expected to win. Folsom talks New Deal, anti-poll-tax talk and has a strong appeal to rural voters and workingmen. If he can win over Ellis in the second run-off primary on June 4, probabilities are that the CIO's "Operation Dixie" organizing drive will have free-wheeling in Alabama and Senator Lister Hill will be free to follow a more liberal course in Washington. But with only a 15,000 lead out of some 325,000 votes cast, Folsom will have to come near to performing a miracle to win. Ellis has already issued a statement claiming that all three of the eliminated candidates plan to throw their support to him.

The attempted come-back of Joe Starnes, Martin Dies's old crony, against Representative Albert Rains was such a flat failure that his political career in the Fifth District is now thought to be at a definite end.

Alabama progressives hope that the general trend in this primary will encourage Representative John Sparkman or some other New Deal-minded leader to run against antiquated Senator John Bankhead in 1948.

Florida.—Young George Smathers' easy victory over Representative Pat Cannon of Miami represents a gain for the Claude Pepper forces in Florida. Smathers, a former Marine and anti-trust lawyer, hammered away at Cannon's absentee record, the worst in the House, as reported here on May 6, and the voters apparently heeded.

Former Governor Spessard Holland, who will now become the Junior Senator without even a run-off, is expected to work harmoniously with Senator Pepper instead of against him as Senator Andrews did.

Georgia.—Representative Helen Mankin, Ellis Arnall supporter recently elected to fill out Robert Ramspeck's unexpired term, is the victim of a machine plot to block her reëlection. The old Democratic committee for her district has voted to abolish the majority-vote method there in this year's primaries and return to the county-unit system observed elsewhere in Georgia. The effect of this would be to discount Mrs. Mankin's heavy following in the Atlanta area and open the way for any number of deals between politicians in the two smaller counties that make up her constituency. Representative Mankin has appointed her own district committee and is officially challenging the validity of the commttee that pulled this trick. Thus far Governor Arnall has not moved to help his ally out of her dilemma, but she is so closely identified with him on the national scene that it is thought unlikely he will stand by and allow her to be beaten while he is still the democratic boss of the state.

Ohio.—Labor started too late and invested too little money and energy to nominate Marvin Harrison for the Senate on the Democratic ticket. The machine vote of the late Vic Donaghey went down the line to renominate, instead, ineffectual James Huffman, first appointed to fill out the term of Justice Harold Burton. With Huffman as their candidate, the Democrats go into battle against John W. Bricker with two strikes already called. This primary vote in Ohio, as in Florida, was one of the smallest in recent years and shows the necessity of renewing a program like that carried on in 1944 by the Non-Partisan Council for Franchise Education, a get-out-the-vote campaign.

Progress Report.—Some of the chief liberal political-action leaders met in Washington May 11 to work out a common strategy and plan of operation for this year's elections. Attending the meeting were heads of the National Citizens' Political Action Committee, the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions and the CIO-PAC.

As the conclusion of the meeting they announced a plan for combined action in 1946, to be carried out through a nine-man committee, three from each organization, which will meet regularly during the next six months to make policy decisions for all. The statement issued by the meeting stressed the point that, "None of the three organizations . . . loses its independence by joining the coördinating committee. All of the organizations reserve the right of autonomy and to support or fight candidates of their own choosing. Our action here is not be construed as an amalgamation. It represents combined operation for a definite purpose. The work of the coördinating committee will largely be that of a clearing house or a repository for joint action."

There is nothing very new about the program upon which the three organizations have agreed. It is dedicated to the strengthening of the United Nations as the only possible agency for the preservation of the peace. The balance of the foreign-affairs platform and of its domestic demands for expansion of economic and political democracy represent the views of most liberals. But the outcome of the November elections will depend less upon program than upon intensive, practical political work in the precinct and the district. The details of this part of the combined operation have not yet been worked out. It will be the hardest part of the coöperation and will take all the strength of character both national and local staffs possess to make it stick.

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Soviet Policy at Paris

by Saville Davis

London

WE OUGHT TO BE FAMILIAR with the bargaining cycle by now. In the past ten days the same old curve charted itself through all the welter at Paris. First (up to the weekend of May 5) the individual issues were discussed on their own isolated merits. This was done with the main sections of the Italian treaty: Istria, reparations, colonies. There was no result, so Russia (on May 4) suggested a trade on the next higher, or regional, level. Italy would give Istria to Yugoslavia and the Dodecanese to Greece and receive a waiver on reparations from these countries and a special position under trusteeship for her colonies. This was indignantly rejected, chiefly by Britain (May 6), as "bargaining," which is Bevin's term for the other fellow's sins. So by common consent the talk shifted (May 7) to another region, the lower Danube—where a series of quick agreements and dissents were produced.

The way was then open (May 8) for the next phase, which is bargaining between different regions. The United States, for example, will not make concessions in the Balkans unless Russia yields in Italy, and vice versa. This has broken down today (May 9). It may be resumed or postponed until the broader peace conference, or even held until big-power ratification of the results of the conference, which would come still later. The fateful decision on going ahead with the peace conference in spite of disagreements is being made as this is written, but whatever the time and circumstances, the process will have to be carried through to completion. It seems almost certain that in doing so, Germany will be brought in as the third region, so as to broaden the scope of the game.

There is also an epicycle weaving its own intricate pattern around the main orbit. When formal conferences began to stall (prior to May 4), Byrnes closeted himself with both principals separately (May 5), and organized an informal meeting (May 6). This did not work and the conference reverted to form (May 7).

It is a wretched business, but it follows a certain logic of its own. Each side is trying to consolidate its own sphere of influence and at the same time trying to penetrate the other's sphere. The pattern was plain this week. For Russia's part, though Molotov accepted in principle the withdrawal of all occupation troops, he insists on holding them in place all the way up the Danube to Vienna, pending political consolidation. There is good evidence to believe that he laid so much stress on Trieste as a trade outlet to Central Europe because it would help Russia build an economic as well as a political unit inside that sphere. And on the "offensive" side, there was Molotov's effort to placate the Italians with frankly bargained compensations and his somewhat moderate interest in Tripolitania.

As for the Western powers, their effort to consolidate their sphere is obvious. But the "offensive" side of their diplomacy became clearer this week as Byrnes pressed for the internationalization of transportation on the Danube and the Open Door for trade in Central Europe. The Russians believe—with good reason—that this is an effort to thrust the Western system into their preserve.

This "mutual interpenetration of spheres" is of course the reason why the shadow of Germany always lay across the table at Paris. Germany is the vortex of the spheres problem. Lippmann's fearsome analysis shows how difficult it is to solve the problem of its perimeter before solving it at the nexus.

There has been some progress through the gloom. Molotov retreated to "something like the French plan" for the Italian colonies. The phrase was indefinite, but past experience with Molotov's methods would indicate that he was in fact offering a concession. The French have quite vigorously taken over Byrnes's old role of mediator for the moment, though it remains

Justus in the Minneapolis Star-Journal

In the Same Boat

Saville Davis is a staff correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor *specializing in foreign affairs.*

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to be seen whether the results of the referendum will relax the left-wing pressure on Bidault. One thing the referendum has done is to strengthen British hopes that maybe the Communist tide in Western Europe has passed full flood. Now Bevin is seriously tempted to join Molotov at the precarious game of seeing who can outwait the other.

It is significant that the Dominion Ministers declined to follow Bevin's lead and give a closer military form to the commonwealth link—which might have been interpreted in Moscow as encirclement of Soviet Asia. Britain's offer to withdraw from Egypt was not a withdrawal from the struggle for security. It is part of a planned socialist effort to cultivate the support of whole peoples rather than regimes in this area, and reflects the lessening emphasis on Suez in the future plan of a decentralized commonwealth defense.

There is a grain of cheer in the fact that an outstanding spokesman for the small nations' viewpoint, who pushed hard for a wider peace conference, is not afraid to have the treaty drafts resulting from this conference go back to the big powers for ratification. "We whittled them down at San Francisco," he said. "There is no reason why we cannot do it again."

Scandal in Ships

"Operation Plunder," Second Instalment

by Allen Bernard

IN A 15-YEAR PERIOD following the close of World War I our government spent $240 million of the taxpayers' money in an effort to build up an adequate, privately owned merchant marine. Yet in 1935, as shown in the first article of this series, our merchant fleet was neither adequate nor privately owned.

Moreover, despite this huge expenditure of public funds, and despite the enormous profits chalked up by the shipping industry throughout this period, by December 31, 1934, the shipping companies were delinquent in payments on government obligations to the tune of $4,292,511. The government held mortgages totaling more than $112 million on vessels of the fleet; this sum represented 1.4 times the *entire net worth* of all the shipping companies involved—with the exception of the industrial United Fruit.

What happened to the taxpayers' money?

In its report to Congress in 1935 a special Senate investigating committee, headed by Senator (now Mr. Justice) Hugo Black, provides the answer:

A large part was dissipated in excessive dividends, salaries, bonuses and commissions to top executives. The remainder was filtered through the intricate corporate set-up of the shipping industry into a bewildering maze of holding companies, subsidiaries and affiliates, and thus eventually into the pockets of a few key figures of the industry.

Here are some typical corporate set-ups explored, with great difficulty, by the Senate committee:

Through government contracts after World War I the interests headed by R. Stanley Dollar, prominent West Coast Republican, were able to establish a virtual monopoly of all Pacific shipping from U. S. ports. The principal company of this group was the Dollar Steamship Company, controlled by R. Stanley and J. Harold Dollar, H. M. Lorber and Herbert Fleishhacker.

Shortly after the First World War this company purchased 17 vessels at bargain prices from the government. Four of these were cargo ships built by Dollar during the war in China, for the United States Government, at a cost of $2,250,000 per vessel. The company bought them for $300,000 each. Another vessel, the *SS Callao* (original cost $1,619,502), was sold to the Dollars for $375,000; an earlier bid of $825,000 on this ship, by another company, had been rejected by the U. S. Shipping Board. In 1923 the Dollar Line bought seven "President" ships, which had cost the government $4,128,000 each to build, for only $550,000 per vessel. *(Senate investigation of the United States Shipping Board, 1935.)*

Government subsidies to the company were extremely generous; from 1924 to 1929 it showed a net profit of $6,746,759 from operation of its "President" ships. Yet in 1933 the company defaulted on its payments to the government for the very ships that made these profits possible: was virtually bankrupt. *(Ibid.)*

This is what happened to some of its profits:

ITEM: *From 1929 to 1934 the Dollar-Lorber-Fleishhacker interests withdrew a total of $2,762,257 from the company through the customary deceptive channels of subsidiaries, associates, affiliates, etc.* (Report No. 898, 74th Congress, 1st Session, page 24.)

ITEM: *R. Stanley Dollar received commissions totaling $698,750 from his Dollar Steamship Line and Admiral*

This is the second of a series of articles by Allen Bernard. Mr. Bernard has had long experience on newspapers and magazines in New York and in Mexico City, where he was publisher of an English-language newspaper. At present a free-lance writer in New York, he has for many years been interested in the problems of the merchant marine.

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Oriental Line for services in "arranging" the purchase of vessels at low prices from the government. (Ibid.)

ITEM: *The Pacific Lighterage Corporation, a stevedoring company, derived a major part of its revenues from the Dollar shipping companies. With total assets of only $9,916, this corporation realized profits of $1,175,182 from 1929 to 1933. In addition it paid relatively high salaries to its officers, who by a strange coincidence were also the executives of the Dollar shipping companies.* (Ibid., page 18.)

In 1938 the insolvent Dollar Line was about to discontinue service when the United States Maritime Commission stepped in, took over 90 percent of the stock to protect the government's investment and reorganized the company, changing its name to the American President Lines. Its resources were so depleted that the RFC had to loan it $2½ million for operating expenses, and the Maritime Commission another $2 million to recondition its vessels.

Another Dollar-controlled shipping company, the Admiral Oriental Line, was organized in 1922 with a total cash capital of only $500. With the aid of generous government subsidies, and without the investment of any additional capital whatsoever, this company earned $7,765,254 in net profits during 12 years of operation. *(Ibid., page 5.)*

The Tacoma Oriental Steamship Company, 76-percent owned by the Admiral Oriental Line, as of June 30, 1934, was delinquent in payments to the government totaling $171,112. *(Ibid., page 11.)*

The American Mail Line was 100-percent owned by the Admiral Oriental Line in 1935; up until World War II it continued to receive government subsidy.

IN 1935, the International Merchant Marine was one of the largest shipping companies in the world. Through "mail" contracts awarded its subsidiaries and agreements protecting it from competition by other Shipping Board vessels, the IMM by 1935 had established a virtual monopoly on fast freight and passenger service from our North Atlantic ports to key points in France, Germany and the United Kingdom. *(Ibid., page 34.)*

One of these subsidiaries, the Roosevelt Steamship Company, was founded by the IMM in 1920. With an outstanding capital of only $22,000, this subsidiary earned profits of $371,988 in three years under lump-sum managing-operator agreements with the government. *(Ibid., page 6.)*

In 1931 the IMM acquired an interest in the United States Lines and the American Merchant Line, long regarded as the prize fleet operated by the United States Shipping Board. The terms are very interesting: $8,983,620 worth of government notes were sold to the syndicate (which, incidentally, also included the Dollar interests) for only $3,170,900—a loss to the taxpayers of $5,812,720. The first payment was deferred for three years; so no cash immediately changed hands. *(Ibid., page 35.)* Other details:

1. The IMM was represented in this transaction by Cletus Keating, law partner of Ira Campbell. The latter was the representative of the Shipping Board on the board of directors of the U. S. Lines, Inc., which had operated these vessels prior to the new agreement. *(Ibid., pp. 35-6.)*

2. Chauncey Parker, general counsel for the Shipping Board, who drew up the sales contract, held $10,000 worth of six-percent IMM bonds at the time. *(Ibid., page 36.)*

3. Postmaster General Brown, at the time he approved two lucrative "mail" contracts for the new company, held more than 4,000 shares of IMM stock. *(Ibid.)*

Despite these generous mail subsidies, the new United States Lines Company showed a purported loss of $1,866,379 between 1931 and 1933. Investigation by the Senate committee soon established the reasons:

ITEM: *The United States Lines Company paid a commission of approximately 19 percent of gross voyage revenue (excluding mail pay) to another IMM subsidiary, the Roosevelt Steamship Company. In the three years indicated above, these commissions totaled $3,097,056.* (Ibid., page 20.)

ITEM: *Of this amount, the Roosevelt Steamship Company paid its holding company, the IMM, $2,712,055.* (Ibid.)

Beginning in 1932, two other government-subsidized IMM subsidiaries, the American Lines Steamship Corporation and the Baltimore Mail Line, began to default on their government obligations. Turning its attention to the IMM books, the Senate committee came up with the following information:

ITEM: *From 1928 to 1932 the IMM advanced to another of its many subsidiaries, Frederick Leyland and Company (a British corporation operating foreign-flag tonnage in competition with American shipping), the sum of $3,800,000 to help cover the British concern's losses.* (Ibid.)

ITEM: *The International Mercantile Marine Dock Company, a 100-percent IMM-owned subsidiary with a cash capitalization of only $100, leased docks from the City of New York, and collected fees for their use by various IMM subsidiaries. From 1928 to 1933 the net profit to the IMM, from wharfage fees collected by its Dock Company alone, amounted to more than $500,000.* (Ibid.)

ITEM: *The president of the IMM, P. A. S. Franklin, drew $1,952,410 in salary, bonuses and commission from the company from 1920 to 1933.* (Ibid., page 26.)

ITEM: *The salaries of 29 other top IMM executives, including Franklin's son, totaled $1,997,898 from 1928 to 1933.* (Ibid.)

Yet IMM subsidiaries could not meet their obligations to the government.

THE BOOKS of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company (Ward Line), holder of two government "mail" contracts prior to 1936, from 1928 to 1933 reflected a loss of $1,735,000. A stockholders' investment of $10 million was more than offset by a deficit of $10,895,787. *(Ibid., page 19.)*

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Of 200,000 shares outstanding in this company, 199,645 were owned by a parent company, the Atlantic, Gulf and West Indies (AGWI) Steamship Lines. Investigation by the Senate committee revealed:

ITEM: *Prior to 1919 the Ward Line paid dividends of $16,050,000.* (Ibid.)

ITEM: *From 1928 to 1933 the Ward Line paid interest of $1,244,344 on unretired bonds held by the parent company.* (Ibid.)

ITEM: *Another subsidiary, the AGWI Navigation Company, was organized for the sole purpose of constructing and chartering vessels to the Ward Line and to a third subsidiary, the Porto Rico Line. Two new vessels were constructed by the AGWI Navigation Company in 1927 with government aid, and chartered to the Ward Line. From 1928 to 1933, from charter hire paid on these two vessels, AGWI Navigation was able to pay its parent company, AGWI Steamship Lines, dividends of $900,000.*

Had the Ward Line been permitted to retire its bonds from profits paid prior to 1919 instead of paying huge dividends to a holding company—so reported the Senate committee—and had it built its own vessels instead of chartering them from another subsidiary, its books would have reflected a profit of $618,000 instead of a loss of $1,735,000.

W. R. GRACE and Company held three ocean "mail" contracts in 1935. This great holding company controlled 54 subsidiary corporations, including the Grace National Bank in New York, Chilean nitrate companies, sugar companies and trading agencies throughout Central and South America. The Senate committee report (pages 21-22) notes:

> In fact the corporate mesh [of this company] is such that a genuine picture of the operating expense and income is impossible. . . . Obviously the mail-contract subsidy in this case is in effect a subsidy not only to the shipping business, but a subsidy to many other enterprises, including trading and banking.

During the 18-year period from 1916 to 1933, W. R. Grace and Company showed gross profits (before taxes, adjustments and dividends) from all sources of $82,264,342. More than 43 percent of this total, or approximately $35,898,000, was realized from direct shipping operations. *(Ibid., page 22.)*

ITEM: *In 1928 alone, J. P. Grace, president of the company, received $971,660 in salary, commissions and dividends.*

ITEM: *That same year, Vice-President D. S. Iglehart received $679,238 in salary, commissions and dividends.*

ITEM: *From 1924 to 1932, four other major officials received more than $500,000 in compensation from the company.* (Ibid.)

This is the same company, as noted in my first article, that Assistant Postmaster General Glover said "wanted in" on the juicy government "mail"-contract "pie" in 1929. The Grace Line continued to receive a generous slice of the subsidy pie until World War II.

The special Senate investigating committee concluded its startling report to Congress in 1935 with the following recommendation:

> Your committee believes, from the experiences of the government . . . that it would be difficult and almost impractical to devise safeguards sufficient to save the taxpayer from unfair and unjust extortions of persistent profiteers under a subsidy system.
>
> This committee, therefore, recommends that whenever the taxpayers' money is invested in ships or shipping enterprises, the government retain full and complete ownership and control.

The ink was scarcely dry on the report when an unabashed shipping industry began to bring pressure to bear on Congress, through a powerful lobby, and on the public through the press. Government ownership and operation was declared "socialistic" if not "communistic." It would mean government competition with private business. The entire principle of private enterprise was at stake. It would result in great loss of money to the taxpayers(!), etc.

Disregarding its committee's basic recommendation, Congress promptly passed the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, reaffirming a policy of private ownership and operation with government support. It provided:

1. A construction subsidy, generally amounting to about one-third the cost of building new vessels in American yards.
2. An operating-differential subsidy representing, in theory, the difference between the cost of operating American ships and foreign-flag vessels.

Between July, 1937, and June, 1942, the government paid 12 shipping companies $51,129,437, in operating subsidies alone, under this Act. Additional uncounted millions were paid in construction subsidies.

Government intervention is always "communistic"—except when it serves to increase the profits of private enterprise.

WE HAVE reviewed the merchant-marine scandal of 1935 in some detail because it supplies the necessary background for an adequate appreciation of "Operation Plunder," as carried out by our gallant shipowners against the American people during World War II.

It demonstrates how the taxpayers' money provided the American shipping industry with the finances, organization, experience and vessels which contributed to the success of its wartime raid upon the Federal Treasury.

More important to the public, the deliberate manipulation of public funds for private profit and the betrayal of the nation by selfish private interests, revealed in these two articles, created need for a further expenditure of $21 billion by our government to carry on the fight for survival after Pearl Harbor.

The curtain now rises on "Operation Plunder."

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Spanish Report

by Samuel Wainer

Paris

THE Palace Hotel in Madrid is the most luxurious in Spain. Your stay is pleasant and comfortable. El Chicote, the cocktail bar where the cream of Madrid's black marketeers have their expensive drinks, is a center for some of Franco's most fanatical partisans. If you walk along Madrid's main street, the Gran Via, and look into the windows full of goods of all kinds, you feel a sense of comfort, of the good life, after the devastation of the war-torn countries of Europe.

To know the Spain of Franco, you must go to Madrid's famous belt district, the hide-out of the worst misery in all Europe. To understand fascism, you should stay a while in Vallecas, the district which to this day the Falangists call the "non-liberated zone." In Tetuan, not more than fifteen minutes from Madrid, you will find women standing at the entrances to the bakeries, selling their daily ration of bread on the black market in order to get more food for their children. In Extremadura swarms of children beg for alms, and grown up skeletons sit all day long covered with blankets, "because the wind that blows over from Castilla, if it is not strong enough to fill a sail, still is sufficient to kill a man."

In these places, away from the haunts of tourists, Franco officials and "inside-story" American journalists, you will not find a single partisan of Franco.

In a small restaurant, an old waiter gave me his comparison of the cost of living under the Republic and under Franco. In 1936, a simple meal cost 1.94 pesetas. In 1946 the same meal cost 13.51 pesetas, a rise of 696 percent. A man's maximum earnings are likely to be 15 to 20 pesetas a day. The official cost-of-living index has risen 350 percent during the past ten years.

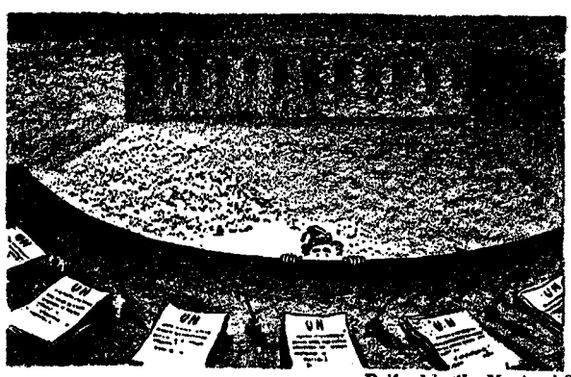
The government furnishes rations at official prices through the Supply Services. In one week during January, the Supply Service of Madrid distributed two pounds of bread, 5.5 ounces of rice, four ounces of oil and three ounces of sugar as a seven-day ration. The people buy everything else on the free market, which is really the "*estraperlo*," the black market. On the *estraperlo*, two pounds of bread cost 10 pesetas (official price two pesetas) and four ounces of oil cost 20 pesetas (official price four pesetas).

In Spain, one gets the impression of a country fully mobilized for war. All roads leading to the interior are closely watched by the Guardia Civil. These guards walk around in pairs. The people call them "the sinister pairs." The Falangist newspapers refer to them as the "well deserving." In the streets of the cities you see thousands of uniforms of all types. Even in the aristocratic quarter of Salamanca I saw soldiers, rifle in hand, watching the passersby. Between the French frontier and Madrid I was asked by the police to show my passport five times. I was issued a "*triptico*." Without this document no private home can give you shelter. Without it, no one can leave Spain.

Even the streets of Spain are jails, for back in 1941 the prison experts of Franco decided that it would be a great burden for the state to feed the large number of prisoners whose sentences varied from 20 to 30 years. The idea of "watched liberty" was developed. Eduardo Aunos, Franco's Minister of Justice from 1941 to 1943, told me that he alone put about 200,000 prisoners into "watched liberty." Today there must be more than 300,000 of such "free prisoners."

A prisoner in watched liberty must report to the police every fortnight. He may not travel without special authority. In order to get work, the prisoner must accept any job offered him. I knew physicians who worked as chauffeurs, musicians who were waiters, professors who were hotel porters, pilots who worked as cobblers. They made from 500 to 600 pesetas (about $55) a month.

Bad as the system is, it is better than prison. In the heart of Madrid are the dungeons of the Ministerio de Gobernacion, the Interior Ministry. Here thousands of imprisoned Spaniards contracted what they called "the disease of the side." The prison cells were so overcrowded that the prisoners were forced to sleep on



Reiford in the Montreal Star

Trouble Number Two

Samuel Wainer is the editor and publisher of Diritrizas, *a progressive Brazilian daily. He has written for the* Nation *and* Harper's.

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their sides, on the cold cement floors. The result was rheumatism and tuberculosis of the kidneys.

I came away from Spain with the feeling that a strong chain of Republican resistance stretches throughout the whole country. Not only in mountain hideaways, but in the streets, factories and cafés, I met and talked with members of the underground. The underground newspapers, *El Mosquito*, *El Democrito*, the *Bulletin of the Anti-Fascist Information Service*, the *UGT*, organ of the General Workers' Union, the *Mundo Obrero*, daily of the Communist Party, are some of the publications of the republican resistance of the interior that are read countrywide.

I remember a scene on the streets of Madrid. Leaflets were being distributed clandestinely. They read: "Before the United Nations, to me the highest court of international justice, I vote for restoration, without loss of time, in Spain, of the three basic freedoms: of religion, of the press and of opinion, so that the people of Spain may freely elect the government they desire, by a truly democratic plebiscite." On the leaflets was a note saying that they should be delivered to the United States Embassy, Number 8, Avenida Miguel Angel, Madrid.

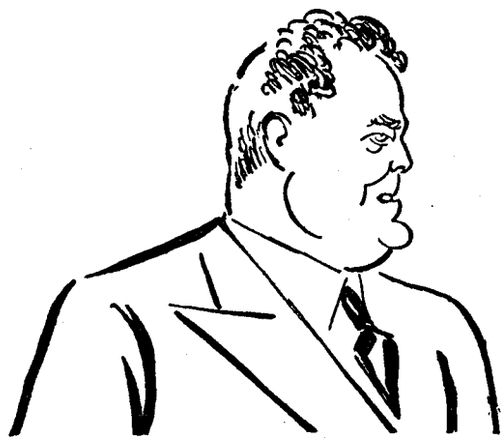
I watched Spaniards running the risk of being arrested, to carry these votes to the United States Embassy. They were afraid that the post office would confiscate them. Now that I have left Spain, I keep wondering what happened to those votes.

YEOMEN OF THE PEACE by Derso and Kelen

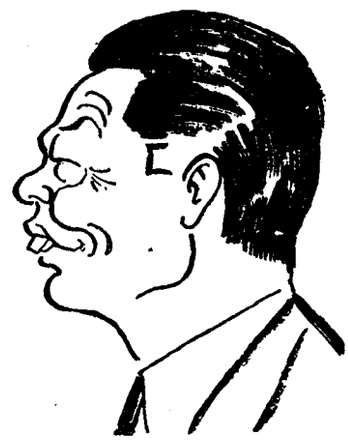
Text by Denis Plimmer

George J. Mathieu, Chief of Languages Division, United Nations Secretariat: Neat, precise, gentle . . . blond-gray crinkly hair, soft, friendly eyes. . . . Paris-born Mathieu speaks "one and a half languages." The "half" is French, which he calls "very difficult to speak well." His English is unaccented. . . . Admits to toning down translations of rough talk at conferences "to preserve the diplomatic atmosphere."

Anne Marie Girard, personal secretary to delegate Henri Bonnet: Throughout the Council Chamber observers spot her elaborate coiffure in which broad swathes of gold and silver hair intermingle strikingly . . . but Parisian chic and bubbling gayety are only part of the picture. . . . Mme. Girard is well informed in diplomacy, long experienced as Girl Friday to the volatile, brilliant Bonnet. . . . Her recent memories include a role in the Resistance and an arrest by the Gestapo. . . .



Trygve Halvan Lie, Secretary-General: A big man for one of the world's biggest jobs. . . . Trade-unionist, socialist, politician-diplomat in his native Norway, Norway's Foreign Minister in the long years of exile in London . . . a Viking in body, brain and spirit.



Victor Hoo: Chinese, convivial, chipper. . . . Assistant Secretary-General in charge of trusteeship affairs, holds strong views on evils of old-type colonial imperialism. . . . An old Leaguer, he speaks four out of the five official languages of the United Nations (Chinese, English, French, Russian) with such fluency that he himself often forgets which one he is speaking.

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Jackson and Industrialism

by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

Democracy received its moral and political premises from a world that was predominantly agricultural and commercial. Almost immediately the democratic way was confronted by profound crisis when the industrial revolution transformed the nature of the problems it had to meet. The transition from Jefferson to Jackson measures the curve of the change in the United States. We have seen how Jackson and Van Buren tried to cope with the growing financial power. This instalment shows the Jacksonian response to the new classes created by industrialism. The capacity of democracy to survive the drastic change from a pastoral to an industrial society provides some hope that it may survive into the atomic world; but we must never forget that survival in America was about as much a function of free land as of faith.

FROM THE START of the century, first in banking and insurance, then in transportation, canals, bridges, turnpikes, then in manufacturing, the corporation was gradually becoming the dominant form of economic organization. The generation of Jackson was the first to face large-scale adjustment to this new economic mechanism. For owners and large investors, the adjustment presented no particular problem. But those on the outside had a feeling of deep misgiving which was less an economic or political than a moral protest: it was basically a sense of shock.

Economic life before the corporation, at least according to the prevalent conceptions, was more or less controlled by a feeling of mutual responsibility among the persons concerned. Economic relationships were generally personal—between master and workman laboring together in the same shop, between buyer and seller living together in the same village. The very character of this relation produced some restraints upon the tendency of the master to exploit the workman, or of the seller to cheat the buyer. Reciprocal confidence was necessarily the keynote of a system so much dominated by personal relations. Business and private affairs were governed by much the same ethical code.

But industrialism brought the growing depersonalization of economic life. Slowly the commercial community developed a collection of devices and ceremonials which enabled businessmen to set aside the ethic which ruled their private lives and personal relations.

Of these devices the most dramatic and generally intelligible was the corporation. For a people still yearning for an economy dominated by individual responsibility, still under the spell of the Jeffersonian dream, the corporation had one outstanding characteristic: its moral irresponsibility. "Corporations have neither bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be damned," went a favorite aphorism. Beyond good and evil, insensible to argument or appeal, they symbolized the mounting independence of the new economy from the restraints and scruples of personal life.

"As directors of a company," wrote William M. Gouge, "men will sanction actions of which they would scorn to be guilty in their private capacity. A crime which would press heavily on the conscience of one man, becomes quite endurable when divided among many." Even businessmen could not deny the accusation. "Corporations will do what individuals would not dare to do," exclaimed Peter C. Brooks, the wealthiest man in Boston. "—Where the dishonesty is the work of *all* the Members, every *one* can say with Macbeth in the murder of Banquo, 'thou canst not say *I* did it.' " It is difficult to exaggerate the frequency with which the corporation was condemned as a technique for the stilling of conscience. "These artificial creatures," said a committee of the Massachusetts legislature, ". . . unlike individual employers, are not chastened and restrained in their dealings with the laborers, by human sympathy and direct personal responsibility to conscience and to the bar of public opinion."

AS LONG as individual responsibility existed in the economic system, as long as a single code more or less governed business and personal life, the Jeffersonians were right, and that government was best which governed least. But these were the moral characteristics of a society of small freeholds, as Jefferson well understood. When the economy became too complex to admit of much personal responsibility, when ownership became attenuated and liability limited and diffused, when impersonality began to dominate the system and produce irresponsibility, when, in short, economic life began to throw off the control of personal scruple, then government had to extend its function in order to preserve the ties which hold society together. The history of government intervention is thus a history of the growing ineffectiveness of private conscience as a means of social control. With private conscience powerless, the only alternative to tyranny or anarchy

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was the growth of the public conscience, and the natural expression of the public conscience was the democratic government.

In spite of Jeffersonian inhibitions, then, the Jacksonians were forced to intervene in the affairs of business. Their ultimate aim was to safeguard the equitable distribution of property which they felt alone could sustain democracy, but this effort inevitably required a battle against the concentration of wealth and power in a single class.

THE FATE of the Jacksonian economic legislation was that common historical irony: On the whole, it promoted the very ends it was intended to defeat. The general laws sprinkled holy water on corporations, cleansing them of the legal status of monopoly and sending them forth as the benevolent agencies of free competition.

Yet the fact that the Jacksonian program was eventually beneficial to economic enterprise does not mean that the business world was astute enough to recognize this in advance. In fact, businessmen fought the Jacksonian program bitterly, step by step, and indulged in interminable wails of calamity and disaster. That the Jacksonian policy benefited business enterprise does not mean that, even in its own terms, it was a failure. No legislative program could have been enacted which would not eventually have been mastered by the overpowering energies of the new capitalism. Moreover, the Jacksonians had no intention of restricting honest enterprise. They had too strong a conviction of the relation between economic diversity and political freedom: their aim was rather to preserve capitalism and keep the government out of the hands of the capitalists. "Commerce is entitled to a complete and efficient protection in all its legal rights," as Fenimore Cooper put it, "but the moment it presumes to control . . . it should be frowned on, and rebuked." This sentiment was universal among the Jacksonians. "We must protect these merchants," exclaimed George Bancroft, "but not be governed by them." "We do not assail property," declared Samuel J. Tilden, "we merely deny it political power." For a time, the Jacksonian economic policy, by broadening the field of competitive enterprise, admirably served these purposes.

The frontal attack on capitalist domination had to be supported by the full mobilization of the non-capitalist groups. The Jeffersonian tradition had already rallied the farmers and the artisans. But the Jeffersonians, no less than the Federalists, looked on industrial labor as an element, fortunately small, to be regarded with mistrust. The class grew, for all the disapproval of the old parties, and eventually its power commanded recognition. Jacksonian democracy acted on this new political fact. Class consciousness was much greater a century ago than people imagine who believe it was invented in the Great Depression. Jacksonian speeches roused it, much Jacksonian legislation was based on it, the Jacksonian press appealed to it. Democratic papers opened their columns to the defense of trade-unionism, printed reports of union meetings and assailed the enemies of labor organization. Such Democratic politicians as Charles Jared Ingersoll and John Worth Edmonds defended unions in the courts against charges of criminal conspiracy. Robert Rantoul Jr., the brilliant and ambitious Massachusetts Democrat, won labor's greatest legal victory by his argument in the famous case of Commonwealth v. Hunt.

In October, 1840, Hunt and others, members of the Boston Bootmakers' Society, were on trial in the Boston municipal court for combining to compel master bootmakers to employ only union men. The testimony, including that of master bootmakers, disclosed that the union had improved the quality and efficiency of the work, and Rantoul sought to show that the English common law under which the men were indicted had no status in a Massachusetts court. Judge Peter Oxenbridge Thacher conceded in his charge to the jury that it was lawful for the defendants to refuse individually to work for a master who employed non-union workmen; but "if they combined together to control, by force of numbers, the employment of other persons . . . I consider that both the means and the object were violations of law." If unions were allowed to continue, "all industry and enterprise would be suspended, and all property would become insecure. . . . A frightful despotism would soon be erected on the ruins of this free and happy commonwealth." Judge Thacher's juries were not in the habit of defying him, and this one returned a verdict of guilty in two hours and ten minutes.

THE CASE was appealed to the state supreme court, where in the March term, 1842, Rantoul assailed the indictment as defective "because each of the defendants had a right to do that which is charged against them jointly." The decision was handed down by Lemuel Shaw, chief justice of the court. While also a former Federalist, Shaw was not, like Thacher, blinded by party preferences to the facts of life. He had no particular sympathy for democracy, but he had a very real sense of the imperatives of change. "The strength of that great judge," observed Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, "lay in an accurate appreciation of the requirements of the community whose officer he was . . . few have lived who were his equals in their understanding of the grounds of public policy to which all laws must ultimately be referred."

Shaw pointed out that two different questions were involved: the legality of the combination, and the legality of its methods. On the first point he accepted Rantoul's argument: a combination could not be criminal unless the actual object of that combination were criminal. On the second point Shaw, noting that the

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means proposed was the refusal to work for a master employing non-union labor, declared, "We cannot perceive, that it is criminal for men to agree together to exercise their own acknowledged rights, in such a manner as best to subserve their own interests."

Shaw's decision aroused considerable protest. "Startling and not sound," exclaimed Francis Lieber, adding that in the case of trade unions "we know to what insufferable social tyranny, to what evil habits and fearful crimes they lead." But, though Shaw's justification of strikes for the closed shop did not gain much acceptance, the basic legality of unions *per se* was thereafter substantially established. The death knell was sounded for indictments of unions as criminal conspiracies.

THE DEMOCRATS also supported the workingmen's struggle for a shorter day. The average length of the working day in Lowell in 1845 varied from eleven hours and twenty-four minutes in December and January to thirteen hours and thirty-one minutes in April—ordinarily from sunrise to sunset. In the 1830's labor organizations raised the cry for reduction, and radical Democrats took it up with enthusiasm. An ardent young Jacksonian named Ben Butler carried on the agitation in the very shadow of the mills, where workers hardly dared attend protest meetings for fear of discharge and the black list, which would prevent their employment by other large corporations.

Van Buren's executive order of 1840 gave the movement official blessing. In Massachusetts in the next fifteen years Democrats several times presented ten-hour laws to the legislature. But the proposals were killed by Whig committees, like the one which visited Lowell in 1845 and returned "fully satisfied, that the order, decorum, and general appearance of things in and about the mills, could not be improved by any suggestion of theirs, or by any act of the Legislature." This was a mild expression of conservative disapproval. In other moods Whigs denounced the ten-hour movement as "one of the worst deformities in their deformed code. To work only ten hours in summer and eight hours in winter is to waste life." But the ten-hour campaign flourished during the forties and fifties, to the cordial applause of the radical Democrats.

Another part of the Jacksonian effort sought to guarantee the political rights of labor. Having gained the ballot, the workingman now faced the problem of making sure he voted as he pleased. Employers not seldom threatened to discharge those who dared vote the radical ticket, and Fenimore Cooper reported that he had heard this practice openly defended. As late as 1850 in Massachusetts, the chairman of the Whig state central committee sent a circular to prominent Whigs, asking them to use their influence over their employees in the coming election. The superintendent of the Boott Mills in Lowell obligingly replied that he would fire every man who voted the ten-hour ticket.

The fight to make the labor vote effective took several forms. In Massachusetts, where the state senate was based on property rather than population, the Democrats tried sporadically to revise the method of apportionment. They were unsuccessful till 1853. They also urged ballot reform. David Henshaw in 1829 fought through to the state supreme court a suit which resulted in obtaining legal recognition for the printed ballot, the first step toward uniform ballots, and from 1849 Amasa Walker led a campaign for the adoption of the secret ballot. The secret-ballot law eventually enacted by a liberal legislature was repealed by the Whigs in 1853 on the ground that it "insulted the manliness and independence of the laboring men." The Democratic movement to reduce the poll tax similarly produced the ingenious Whig theory that the lower classes would consider themselves degraded by such an action. The Democrats sought further to repeal the sunset law, which, by closing the polls at sunset, made it hard for a workingman to vote. As a party they remained constantly receptive to projects for improving and protecting the suffrage.

Yet the radical Democrats never committed the fallacy of resting everything on political mechanisms. The pervading insight of the Jacksonians into the relation of democracy and a wide distribution of property kept them from tumbling into excessive optimism over minor reforms. Security of the vote would help the laboring class, but their vital need was economic independence, and the best way of elevating labor was to enact the economic program of the radical Democracy.

THE PROBLEM of labor for the Jacksonians, then, consisted in mobilizing the votes of the workingmen to support a policy which would indicate their share in the national income. In their attempt to preserve the economic base of labor action they had a potent ally—the public domain in the West. The broad expanse across green forests and illimitable prairies and fertile plains offered inviting refuge to the discontented and underprivileged of the East; and the greater the number drawn to the frontier from the settled states, the higher the wages and the easier the life for those who stayed behind. Yet whatever broad effects the frontier had on the price level, the labor supply, the incentives toward capital investment or the general economic atmosphere, it had ceased even by the time of Jackson to serve as a real alternative for the workers of the Eastern states.

(To be continued.)

This is the eighth of ten instalments—30,000 words in all—from The Age of Jackson *(Little, Brown), condensed with the approval of the author, who has added some new material further to point up the many parallels between our own times and those of a century ago.* — THE EDITORS

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The Old Vic

Henry IV, Part I, by William Shakespeare. Century Theatre, May 6, 1946.
Henry IV, Part II. May 7, 1946.

NOT SINCE the coming of the Moscow Art Theatre more than twenty years ago has there been so notable an advance publicizing as the Old Vic has enjoyed. Travelers returning from abroad have been quoted for their enthusiasm, magazines have printed articles, front pages and laudatory interludes, and there was reason to believe that our somewhat time-thinned shores of art were about to receive a thrill, a reproach for tardy inspirations and dying method, an inclusive fecundation and a pure, full, theatric joy. As a matter of fact, what we have received is an excellent stock company, agreeable, sometimes a bit tame, and blessed with quiet good taste and a somewhat more elusive lack of fine style in particular, one way or the other. It is to be said, however, that the absence of the London housing or atmosphere makes the company's problem more exacting.

The Moscow Art Theatre was not the equal, in stately form or classic style, of the French theatre in the Comédie Française. But in the field of realism, realism in the final, great sense, this Russian theatre was the last word. It had the authentic pulse and exactitude that we knew already in Tolstoy, with those incredible overtones, deeper than any fact. Fiction like Dostoevsky's opened new possibilities to the Western world. In Gorky and in Chekhov, the Moscow Art Theatre supplied a trend and a passion in contemporary theatre art, more immediate and more expert than anything we had dreamed of. It presented, also, a sense of stylization, definite, founded on solid theory, taste, research and sophistication. There is no stylization, however, indicated in the Old Vic production as we get it now, no insistent theatrical creed, nothing beyond good sense and a mild, second-rate conception of art. Its best element is the human and simply rational and right, with as much appeal as may ensue. Its utmost reliance is on personality, the study of the character and the personality and special traits of its portrayer. To repeat, the best we can say of the Old Vic company is that it is not by a long shot a great art movement or institution but is an unusually good stock company—an institution more familiar in the old days of the theatre than now—that the continuing experience of playing together gives it the chance to acquire a certain admirable unity of effect and that it can boast a certain number of admirable performers.

THE Henry plays belong to the earlier section of Shakespeare's career and the verse for stage speaking purposes grows intricate at times and dates itself into the full Renaissance complexity. And Shakespeare's reliance on the chronicles of Holinshed, on old plays and otherwise, did not simplify the statement and impact of his themes or make more portable the burden of his narrative passages. A good deal of the writing of the scenes outside the Falstaff passages is not up to Shakespeare's best by any means and is tedious to listen to. Nothing short of some vast genius in the producer or in the particular performer could force this material into any striking distinction. The selection of the Henry plays is obviously based on character parts, a type of selection characteristic of the British theatre.

Mr. Laurence Olivier, who seems of late largely to have carried the panache for this whole enterprise, or so in our press at least, plays Hotspur in the first Henry play and plays it with a definite charm and poetic fatalism of mind as beautiful as it is rare. In the second Henry he plays Justice Shallow, with an obvious and shivery make-up-impersonation that handsomely belongs in comedy realms—legitimate without being quite as stunning as Mr. Olivier's after-supper friends have told him it was. It is any actor's meat, and only such fine players as Mr. Sydney Greenstreet or some of the Moscow members can reduce it to its last excitement and tragi-comic precision. In the passages where narrative reading is called for, as so often occurs during "Henry IV, Part I," Mr. Olivier greatly surprised me at times by mouthing it all away more or less, as many of his fellow actors do, as if they did not know the lines meant anything but the player's self: a sad conclusion, for it ends by meaning nothing at all. The trouble in such cases is basic; which is to say that the phrase or the clause, as existing within the whole sentence, should be studied in each instance for the emphasis, and when the emphases are decided upon, the whole sentence—however precious and ultra—has to be conceived. The second basic point for the reading here is entirely physical: the sense must be gauged with reference to the thought, so that where the proper stress is required there will be the breath to create it and to balance the whole sentence design. Mr. Olivier suggests that he can still learn, and that within him there is a certain noble spirit willing to go forward.

Mr. Ralph Richardson is the Falstaff of these adventures, an actor of great resource, who reads the passages of wit and interthought as if all were in a vacuum of genius, and creates a character that at least suggests the vile wit, the vagary and the dirty grace that Shakespeare intended. This playing of Mr. Richardson's is playing of great intelligence and wise values. His speeches are largely prose, and within obvious limits he is an actor more expert than Mr. Olivier, though a figure of less magnetism. The man in the company who really can read verse, noting the sense and the combination of meaning and meter, is Mr. William Monk in the Douglas role. Every line he reads has meaning and point. He could teach the whole company how blank verse can have meaning when read aloud. The general defect in this company may well be the denial that there is such a thing as style or even form in art, style and form fully admitted, shaped and projected.

In a country like ours, where the ladies own so much of the real estate, it might be a matter for resentment that so little is done for them in these Shakespeare chronicles. Doll Tearsheet is there, however and so are her mistress, and the Percy lady and others, all mildly noted and negligible, nobody blessed with any style to speak of or wit or flickering grace. Sometimes their mystery is scored by the sole fact that they patter off the verse in such a way that its meaning is completely obscured.

Mr. Gower Parks's scenery is now and again—not always—a triumph of adaptation within simple means, colorful and charming. Mr. Roger Furse has contrived some admirable costumes, quite often poorly worn by the players.

STARK YOUNG

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Hamburger Hell

THE MOVIE, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," is almost too terrible to walk out of. It is adapted from the James M. Cain novel (which still brings a gleam to most readers' eyes) and has to do with the mess that a hobo (John Garfield) gets into when he stops at a lunch stand outside of Los Angeles. The mess includes a terror-ridden, blundering love affair with the owner's wife (Lana Turner), their sloppy murdering of the owner (Cecil Kellaway), their attempts to get acquitted and to get along with each other afterward—the idea being to show how unutterably awful life is in lunch stands and law courts. The story has been laundered, comicalized, slowed down in the filming, and evidently made by a crew of bobby-sox characters; and the result has been to take the anger out of the story and make the lunchroom people so grotesque that their rotten life doesn't make you feel anything.

The story calls for particularly feverish, dissatisfied people living in an environment that might well drive them to adultery and murder. Garfield, Turner and Kellaway, instead, look as fresh, upper-class and frozen as tulips, wear Saks Fifth Avenue clothes or better—and lots of them: the hobo, for instance, comes off the highway in a sharp, two-toned affair. The lunch stand is large, too sumptuous for highway hamburgers, and has the dummy look of studio houses. The country around it is dappled with dew. The wife spends her time in what should be a jungle washing the several thousand stunning play suits she wears to wait on tables, going for moonlight swims, dancing stylish rhumbas with the hobo. I think the best bobby-sox touches are the white turban that Cora wears to wash dishes, the love scenes which show Cora in a yum-yum pose and outfit, looking like a frozen popsicle, with Frank ogling her at six paces—and probably the director, in the background, swooning over a hamburger.

Some of the scenes, though, are wonderfully grotesque and unintentionally funny—like the first meeting between Frank and Cora, which amounts to a funny take-off on the appearance of the Virgin in "The Song of Bernadette": in a dramatic silence a lipstick goes trundling down the floor like a trolley car, Frank's face lights up and there, like a vision in the doorway, is the Lady in a white play suit making up her face. When the two lovers decide to hitch-hike to San Diego, Cora shows up for the journey in an Adrian ensemble, high-heeled shoes and all (Miss Turner, though, does a graphic portrait of a lady being bothered by the heat and the dirt and Garfield looks as if he had been on the road his whole life). Underneath all of the white surfacing of the MGM production (in which the main villain must have been Producer Carey Wilson) is a story about two people having trouble achieving some kind of happy love set-up, beating each other's brains in at every turn, and this part of the story makes sense a lot of the time. There is never much indication of love between them; from start to finish it is mostly frustration and anger, and as the affair goes on, their hysteria and fear become more and more convincing, and their straining for love becomes relentless and pathetic, almost solid terror.

I don't think any actress registers the wrong way as constantly as Lana Turner. Since MGM is determined to make a star of her, I wish they would let her go into a movie without the Arabian Nights decoration job, and put her in a part that calls for loyalty, friendliness and lower-middle-class respectability. The things she does best in "The Postman" are ironing, washing the dishes, complaining about someone's wasting electricity; and what she fails at most completely are the Jean Harlowisms that MGM always gives her—the angry walking, looking disdainful, lipstick-ad kissing.

A lot of Garfield's work slides too easily because he has played a slouching, quizzical roughneck too often. Also you can't tell exactly what kind of roughneck he is—soulful, soulless, murderous or not murderous—because by now he is a dull blend of the various shades of tough people he has played in the past. No one, though, has such a store of Dead End Kid mannerisms, and one of the most curious is his suspicion of every conceivable action, even that of a door being opened for him. Cecil Kellaway always strikes me as a monstrous jumble of unrelated bits of business who spends hours on a gesture that shouldn't take any time at all. He makes an auntie out of the hash-house owner, for some reason. The whole movie is picked up by Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames when they take up the murderers' case in court. Their part of the movie, which has to do with showing lawyers and courts to be five times as unprincipled as either of the defendants, is a funny culmination to prove that blackness is everywhere, and is marked principally by Cronyn's beautiful display of calculating crust.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Another rumored result of the negotiations by the Finnish cabinet delegation that has just returned from Moscow is that Russia has not insisted on a Russo-Finnish military alliance, but, instead, is limiting her demands to an adjustment of the Finnish army gun and rifle calibers to those of the Red Army. – *From the New York* Times.

In the future, married women seeking a permit to purchase firearms in Miami must be accompanied by their husbands. – *AP dispatch from Miami.*

On the Home Front

"When you talk to people in lower income levels you find a large majority who wonder if the American capitalistic system is really right." – *Don Belding, chairman of the board of Foote, Cone and Belding, one of the country's largest advertising agencies, as quoted in the New York* Times.

That All-Out Effort

An economic consultant for General Motors Corporation termed black markets today a "blessing in disguise" and suggested they be recognized and made legitimate. Dr. Alfred P. Haake of Park Ridge, Illinois, told a group of GM foremen and supervisors the black markets "were encouraging production and production never can be increased as long as we have price controls." – *AP dispatch from Kansas City.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. *Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Progressives and Communists

[In the *New Republic* of May 13 appeared a letter from James Loeb Jr., national director of the Union for Democratic Action, expressing the viewpoint that American liberals ought not to coöperate with Communists. Proofs of his letter were sent in advance of publication to several well known liberals with conflicting views and they were asked to comment. The letter below, from Stanley M. Isaacs, of New York City, was written in response to our invitation. Others will appear in future issues of the *New Republic*, and we shall also publish a statement of our own position.—THE EDITORS]

SIR: I have read with interest the letter of James Loeb Jr. concerning the relations of progressives to Communists. An active member of the Union for Democratic Action, I have the utmost respect for its national director. On this subject, however, I must express emphatic disagreement.

I have no quarrel with the simple propositions which he states and answers in his first three paragraphs. Of course the present international tension is not due exclusively to a conspiracy against Soviet Russia; of course the American goal is not merely economic security but individual liberty as well. These questions answer themselves and hardly concern the issues which he then discusses.

I disagree wholly with his thesis that Communists must be excluded from organizations supporting a progressive cause and that when they succeed in infiltrating such an organization, the liberals should abandon it—and incidentally the cause it advocates. I grant the difficulty of dealing with well organized Communists who want to dominate. But I am not afraid of Communist infiltration and certainly will not abandon a just cause because I object to some who have joined in its support. Nor will I secede and help to organize a new group with the same objective—a move that invariably ends in the two organizations attacking each other instead of the common enemy. Witness the AFL and the CIO.

To do what Mr. Loeb suggests is to fall for the strategy which fascists and their predecessors have used since time immemorial to divide and conquer—to destroy their opponents piecemeal. They proceed to attack an organization as a "Comnist front" and the liberals who are active in it as "fellow travelers," if not Communists. Some liberals thereupon are intimidated into public repudiation. Those who persist are now handicapped because the fascist critics point to those who left as evidence that all who remain *must* be Communists. When they succeed in blackening the reputation of those who have stuck grimly to the anti-fascist cause, they then turn against those who resigned and label them Communists or "fellow travelers," because at one time they were connected with the organization. The end result is demoralizing—the cause is weakened and leaders courageous and important in the fight for liberty and justice are discredited. This is the actual process that is taking place in ruinous fashion in many a field where weak-kneed or tired liberals succumb to fascist maneuvers.

Here is one example with which Mr. Loeb is entirely familiar. All unprejudiced people recognize today that those who fought Franco in Spain were fighting Hitler and Mussolini as well. When Franco won, with fascist aid, the Loyalists were imprisoned and many promptly murdered. Others were interned in France and Africa. Some escaped to Mexico. The organization created to help the Loyalist cause split on the Communist issue. I happened to have been working with the conservative group. I soon found, however, that there was no organization willing to do anything to help the Loyalist refugees except the rump committee which remained. In due course it expanded so as to include many who had seceded and many others who wanted to help the heroic men who had suffered in Spain, fighting our battle there. I wanted that committee strengthened—it seemed criminal to me to abandon the cause because Communists were sharing the burden of relief—and I was delighted when the President's War Relief Committee gave the Spanish Refugee Committee official recognition. Recently Representative Rankin attacked that organization. I urged the Union for Democratic Action to go to its defense, but met opposition for just the reasons that Mr. Loeb outlines. His theory works just as the fascists hope. Those who agree with him have deserted their friends and, indirectly, by inaction, help the Wood-Rankin Committee in its vicious objectives.

We should recognize that no matter how much we may disagree with communism, dislike Communists, resent their activities, they are no real menace within this conservative country of ours. Some years ago, in New York State, they could not muster 50,000 votes to stay on the ballot. Despite the prominence they are given by the fascists, they constitute only a tiny minority. Contrast this with reactionary and fascist growth. There the leadership is powerful and menacing. The Rankins and the Bilbos, bitter enemies of democracy, have a large following. The Hearst, the McCormick and the Patterson press wield enormous influence. If the liberals succumb to Red-baiting tactics, just as many in Germany fell for the Hitler tactic of Jew-baiting, the sure result will be disorganization in liberal ranks and the defeat and political slaughter of liberal leaders. To borrow Mr. Loeb's phrase, "American liberals will sputter, fume, protest and denounce, but will get nowhere fast."

I can conceive of no more stupid strategy for liberals to pursue than to permit the enemy to establish the line of battle; to surrender to hostile propaganda; to split apart; to fight among themselves because some will and some will not permit Communists to share in the battle to save our liberties and protect our institutions. This means, in the end, confusion and ruin, the defeat of many a liberal cause and the success of the enemies of true democracy. I, for one, believe we cannot afford this debacle.

New York City STANLEY M. ISAACS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

V. B. Stanbery, chief of technical staff for the California State Reconstruction and Reëmployment Commission, writes to question two statements by Bruce Bliven in his article, "California Doesn't Worry" (the *New Republic*, April 1). Mr. Bliven stated that there are 73,000 people in California, mostly war veterans, drawing unemployment compensation from other states. Mr. Stanbery says there is no way of determing how many of the war veterans who are drawing compensation are from other states, but the number is probably 20,000 or 30,000.

He also takes exception to the reference to the "low California wage level," unless this means that wages are too low everywhere. He says California wages before the war were in general above the national average for the same occupations and industries.

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Thoughts on the Common Toad

BEFORE the swallow, before the daffodil, and not much later than the snowdrop, the common toad salutes the coming of spring after his own fashion, which is to emerge from a hole in the ground, where he has lain buried since the previous autumn, and crawl as rapidly as possible toward the nearest suitable patch of water. Something—some kind of shudder in the earth, or perhaps merely a rise of a few degrees in the temperature—has told him that it is time to wake up; though a few toads appear to sleep the clock round and miss out a year from time to time—at any rate, I have more than once dug them up, alive and apparently well, in the middle of the summer.

At this period, after his long fast, the toad has a very spiritual look, like a strict Anglo-Catholic toward the end of Lent. His movements are languid but purposeful, his body is shrunken, and by contrast his eyes look abnormally large. This allows one to notice what one might not at another time—that a toad has about the most beautiful eye of any living creature. It is like gold, or more exactly it is like the golden-colored semi-precious stone which one sometimes sees in signet rings, and which I think is called a chrysoberyl.

For a few days after getting into the water the toad concentrates on building up his strength by eating small insects. Presently he has swollen to his normal size again, and then he goes through a phase of intense sexiness. All he knows, at least if he is a male toad, is that he wants to get his arms around something, and if you offer him a stick, or even your finger, he will cling to it with surprising strength and take a long time to discover that it is not a female toad. Frequently one comes upon shapeless masses of ten or twenty toads rolling over and over in the water, one clinging to another without distinction of sex. By degrees, however, they sort themselves out into couples, with the male duly sitting on the female's back. You can now distinguish males from females, because the male is smaller, darker and sits on top, with his arms tightly clasped round the female's neck. After a day or two the spawn is laid in long strings which wind themselves in and out of the reeds and soon become invisible. A few more weeks, and the water is alive with masses of tiny tadpoles which rapidly grow larger, sprout hind legs, then fore legs, then shed their tails; and finally, about the middle of the summer, the new generation of toads, smaller than one's thumbnail but perfect in every particular, crawl out of the water to begin the game anew.

I MENTION the spawning of the toads because it is one of the phenomena of spring which most deeply appeal to me, and because the toad, unlike the skylark and the primrose, has never had much of a boost from the poets. But I am aware that many people do not like reptiles or amphibians, and I am not suggesting that in order to enjoy the spring you have to take an interest in toads. There are also the crocus, the missel thrush, the cuckoo, the blackthorn, etc. The point is that the pleasures of spring are available to everybody and cost nothing. Even in the most sordid street the coming of spring will register itself by some sign or other, if it is only a brighter blue between the chimney pots or the vivid green of an elder sprouting on a blitzed site. Indeed it is remarkable how Nature goes on existing unofficially, as it were, in the very heart of London. I have seen a kestrel flying over the Deptford gasworks, and I have heard a first-rate performance by a blackbird in the Euston Road. There must be some hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of birds living inside the four-mile radius, and it is rather a pleasing thought that none of them pays a halfpenny of rent.

As for spring, not even the narrow and gloomy streets round the Bank of England are quite able to exclude it. It comes seeping in everywhere, like one of those new poison gases which pass through all filters. The spring is commonly referred to as "a miracle," and during the past five or six years this worn-out figure of speech has taken on a new lease of life. After the sort of winters we have had to endure recently, the spring does seem miraculous, because it has become gradually harder and harder to believe that it is actually going to happen. Every February since 1940 I have found myself thinking that this time winter is going to be permanent. But Persephone, like the toads, always rises from the dead at about the same moment. Suddenly, toward the end of March, the miracle happens and the decaying slum in which I live is transfigured. Down in the square the sooty privets have turned bright green, the leaves are thickening on the chestnut trees, the daffodils are out, the wallflowers are budding, the policeman's tunic looks positively a pleasant shade of blue, the fishmonger greets his customers with a smile, and even the sparrows are quite a different color, having felt the balminess of the air and nerved themselves to take a bath, their first since last September.

IS IT WICKED to take a pleasure in spring and other seasonal changes? To put it more precisely, is it politically reprehensible, while we are all groaning, or at any rate ought to be groaning, under the shackles of the capitalist system, to point out that life is frequently more worth living because of a blackbird's song, a yellow elm tree in October, or some other natural phenomenon which does not cost money and does not have what the editors of left-wing newspapers call a class angle? There is no doubt that many people think so. I know by experience that a favorable reference to "Nature" in one of my articles is liable to bring me abusive letters, and though the key-word in these letters is usually "sentimental," two ideas seem to be mixed up in them. One is that any pleasure in the actual process of life encourages a sort of political quietism. People, so the thought runs, ought to be discontented, and it is our job to multiply our wants and not simply to increase our enjoyment of the things we have already. The other idea is that this is the age of machines and that to dislike the machine, or even to want to limit its domination, is backward-looking, reactionary and slightly ridiculous. This is often backed up by the statement that a love of Nature is a foible of urbanized people who have no notion what Nature is really like. Those who really have to deal with the soil, so it is argued, do not love the soil and do not take the faintest interest in birds or flowers, except from a strictly utilitarian point of view. To love the country one must live in the town, merely taking an occasional week-end ramble at the warmer times of year.

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THIS LAST IDEA is demonstrably false. Medieval literature, for instance, including the popular ballads, is full of an almost Georgian enthusiasm for Nature, and the art of agricultural peoples such as the Chinese and Japanese centers always around trees, birds, flowers, rivers, mountains. The other idea seems to me to be wrong in a subtler way. Certainly we ought to be discontented, we ought not simply to find out ways of making the best of a bad job; and yet if we kill all pleasure in the actual process of life, what sort of future are we preparing for ourselves? If a man cannot enjoy the return of spring, why should he be happy in a labor-saving Utopia? What will he do with the leisure that the machine will give him? I have always suspected that if our economic and political problems are ever really solved, life will become simpler instead of more complex, and that the sort of pleasure one gets from finding the first primrose will loom larger than the sort of pleasure one gets from eating an ice to the tune of a Wurlitzer. I think that by retaining one's childhood love of such things as trees, fishes, butterflies and—to return to my first instance—toads, one makes a peaceful and decent future a little more probable, and that by preaching the doctrine that nothing is to be admired except steel and concrete, one merely makes it a little surer that human beings will have no outlet for their surplus energy except in hatred and leader-worship.

At any rate spring is here, even in London, and they can't stop you enjoying it. This is a satisfying reflection. How many a time have I stood watching the toads mating, or a pair of hares having a boxing match in the young corn, and thought of all the important persons who would stop me enjoying this if they could. But luckily they can't. So long as you are not actually ill, hungry, frightened or immured in a prison or a holiday camp, spring is still spring. The atom bombs are piling up in the factories, the police are prowling through the cities, the lies are streaming from the loudspeakers; but the earth is still going round the sun, and neither the dictators nor the bureaucrats, deeply as they disapprove of the process, are able to prevent it.

GEORGE ORWELL

Books in Review

Books as Business

DURING the war years the book business has experienced an unprecedented boom. A book of statistical information[1] and a pamphlet of ethical considerations[2] should throw some light upon this sudden prosperity in an otherwise deeply neglected and underestimated industry and its problematic future. Succinctly, the volume, *People and Books*, leads us to exclaim: "So what?" and Mr. Farrell's excellent pamphlet: "Quite right!"

A formula still has to be found that will make this nation book-conscious not only in terms of reading but also of ownership. A hunger for books cannot be satisfied by such wish-fulfilment slogans as: If everybody would only buy one more book a month, a year, or what have you. This is no more helpful in filling the American public's need for books than eating one less slice of bread a day is in satisfying the world's hunger. Such a palliative is as simple as it is inept. It does not get at the core of the problem.

Mr. Farrell's analysis of the writer's problem is admirably stated and his contentions about the future of the book world are enlightening and quite hopeful. His concern with culture is deep, his understanding of the problem facing the writer aptly put. He does not believe that the author can be completely Hollywoodized, though he admits that the greatest threat to the author is the moving-picture industry and the huge sums it pays for claptrap. It is the problem of success v. integrity. He also takes the reprint houses to task for their attempt to monopolize and dictate to the book business. He maintains, however, that the future of art does not belong to the hired artist. His point of view—which one would expect to be overwhelmingly political and economic—is, in fact, more concerned with the ethical aspect of the question. His faith that the essence of culture and its timelessness will depend on books rather than on the motion picture and the radio is as inspiring as it is indisputable.

Reluctantly we now turn to *People and Books*. Most statistical books are dry, and the volume at hand is no exception. The reasons that impelled the publishers to spend so much money on this sort of undertaking are symptomatic of the backwardness of the book industry as a whole and illustrate its practice of making the educational force of books subservient to their commercialization. The idea of promotion at present paralyzes the whole field, preventing any sound consideration of an increased book distribution, and the approach of *People and Books* seems appallingly inadequate and haphazard. It is another example of a nation gone poll-crazy and trying to find comfort in the so-called material facts, while spiritual values go begging. How in the name of common sense can these ponderous deductions be right when they are drawn by asking questions of four thousand people in a nation of one hundred and forty million? Weighted down with figures and percentages and prettily colored graphs, these pundits lick their chops as they confidently expect us to believe that this is all incontrovertible evidence. What kind of evidence? Is it really something to come to the conclusion that better education will sell more books? Is that news? The most disturbing factor in the whole survey, however, is the fact that although 225 dealers and distributors were consulted, we are given a dismal picture of how the problem of selling books is met through the industry's most legitimate channels,

[1] People and Books: A Study of Reading and Book-Buying Habits, by Henry C. Link and Harry Arthur Hopf. New York: Book Industry Committee of the Book Manufacturers' Institute. 166 pages. $10.

[2] The Fate of Writing in America, by James T. Farrell. New York: New Directions. 32 pages. 25 cents.

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namely the book stores. I am not quite unknown in the book business, but not a single individual spoke to me about this investigation. But, of course, the participants may have been sworn to secrecy until *People and Books* was published.

In an article in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (November 24, 1945), I expressed the opinion that an exceedingly small percentage of American homes can boast of more than one hundred books. Assuming that 75 percent of the people in this country can read, we can put the number of readers at about one hundred million. The contention of the survey is that 34 percent of this number have libraries of over one hundred books. For these homes it would then mean a total of approximately a billion books, excluding, of course, public libraries, schools and colleges, etc. The book business last year grossed an all-time high of half a billion dollars. You can draw your own conclusions as to the accuracy of 34 million people owning libraries of more than a hundred volumes.

To cover the whole field of abounding inaccuracies is impossible in a brief review; I touch principally on the main points. Having spent the last thirty years in the book business, it irritates me that this so-called neutral and accurate investigation gratuitously insults my colleagues, the book clerks. Here, for instance, are some of the authors' figures obtained from dealers and distributors: reviews in newspapers sell 61 percent of the books, salesmanship only four percent and window displays only a shameful two percent (for years I have hammered at the question of window displays, the most neglected feature of the book-selling business), but, according to *People and Books*, store displays sell 42 percent, and by some special hocus-pocus the combined means of display suddenly are made to sell as much as 38 percent.

Where the movies are Mr. Farrell's *bête noire*, the statistical gentlemen's bugaboo is the radio. Leisure time is thus subdivided: radio, 49 percent; newspapers, 21 percent; movies, 11 percent; reading, all of eight percent. If radio is such a competitor, why then does not the industry get together and do some institutional nationwide advertising and publicity through this medium? Reading is mainly a home-time occupation and radio thus enters into direct competition.

In the whole survey there is hardly any mention of the incentive for buying books. It is, however, heartening to know that neither digest magazines, book clubs nor rental libraries make appreciable dents in the purchase of books through the more legitimate channels. Also that education, rather than economic status, largely determines the reading and owning of books. The nature of a book seems also more important than the exact price level (Macy's notwithstanding).

Most of the information given is as confusing as it is unenlightening, and if this book is meant to buoy up the book business, it sadly misses the point. The point is that we do not compete with each other in the book business, but rather that we compete with other businesses for our share of the customer's dollar. An educational campaign subscribed to by the whole of the industry in conjunction with other cultural interests is the only way in which we as a nation can, first, become book-conscious and then want to own libraries. There is no other way.

A. V. A. VAN DUYM

Rescuing Beatrice Webb

Beatrice Webb, by Margaret Cole. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 229 pages. $3.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION of British radicals was already beginning to think of itself as post-Fabian in 1913, when G. D. H. Cole wrote his first book. In the thirties, I remember, student revolutionaries in England craved stronger emotion and found it either in Marx or in the repudiation of politics by way of Freud. (It was not so much Marx as John Strachey and the "Internationale," not so much Freud as Rimbaud and the poetry of the id.) Today the talk is about the atom bomb, Buchenwald, Gromyko, existentialism, dolorism and Kafka, and "the Webbs" evoke only the palest of pale memories. In the recesses of our minds they occupy a not very prominent place next to Mr. Gladstone and Queen Victoria.

Such is our folly, such the subjectivity and provincialism of our judgments, such our susceptibility to sneers and slander. We have been taken in by the legend that the Fabian Society was a movement of low-heeled spinsters and squeaky-voiced pedagogues all busily trying to talk conservatives into a spurious socialism. This legend began when reactionaries decided that the Fabians should be laughed at as funny little radicals; it was given a new lease of life when the Marxists decided that the word Fabianism should be made to connote compromise, academicism, half-heartedness, the rationalizations of the petty bourgeois and the wrigglings of the Menshevik worm. Even the liberal Edmund Wilson confesses to having derived his damaging critique of the Fabians—in his essay on Shaw—from a Marxist source. The Marxists have done much to smear every kind of socialism but their own.

But Fabianism was not destroyed. On the contrary. Today it is the only practical socialist alternative to Soviet communism. For the British Labor Party, in so far as it is socialist at all, is Fabian, and the British Labor Party is probably the only large-scale Socialist Party in any of the major countries that has its own non-Marxist ideas about socialism. It is therefore possible that Bernard Shaw and the Webbs may turn out to be as important in twentieth-century politics as Marx, Engels and Lenin. Even if they don't, even if the range of Fabianism is never any wider in the future than it has been in the past, the movement still is much more important and interesting than it has been given credit for being. Without going beyond the British elections of 1945, we can safely claim that among theorists, only the eighteenth-century *philosophes*, the Benthamites and the Marxists have exerted an equal influence on actual politics.

I say all this to explain why I consider a biography of so quiet and "unromantic" a person as Beatrice Webb a major event in publishing. Not that Mrs. Cole's portrait pretends to be a major work. It adds comparatively little to Mary Agnes Hamilton's *Sidney and Beatrice Webb*. (Perhaps an irrelevant fact, since the latter has long been out of print.) Mrs. Cole knew that the materials were not yet at hand for a comprehensive life, and confined herself to a short, plain narrative of already established facts plus a number of acceptable personal observations. The small book is both an accurate record and an affectionate tribute. It

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will do a little, if it will not do everything, to restore to its subject the status she deserves.

Fabianism was both a nobler and more uncompromising creed than we have been brought up to believe. The Fabians were nobler and more uncompromising people. Put together the biographical studies of Mrs. Cole and Miss Hamilton, Pease's *History of the Fabian Society* and Mrs. Webb's *My Apprenticeship*, the recent essays on Mrs. Webb by R. H. Tawney and Bernard Shaw, and enough emerges to show that the Webbs are not what they have been painted. The pedantic puppets of legend will have to yield to the more various, if not less fallible, people of real life. The limitations of the Webbs are obvious ones. H. G. Wells, who has always had an eye for the obvious, seized on them in the novel he wrote 35 years ago to avenge himself on the Fabians. They are summed up in Beatrice's most quoted and most unfortunate remark: "People are really quite simple." But, though they did not set out as great psychologists, their friend Bernard Shaw was a "specialist in human nature," and in the course of time they learned much from him. Perhaps it was from him they learned that the capitalists will not be talked into socialism, nor will the workers; that leaders are therefore as necessary to democracy as to any other system; that we must cease to put too much faith in unaided reason; and that, as Beatrice admitted in 1932, the "inevitability of gradualness" is dead.

Beatrice Webb belies her own axiom. She was not a simple person. So far from being a work machine, a schoolmarm, a sociological automaton, a married old maid, she was a very subtle and a very passionate woman, part aristocrat, part "common man," part scientist, part mystic. With one hand she reaches back to a wealthy Victorian origin, to its ideals as well as to its limitations; with the other she reaches out toward the future, and represents the woman of the future—if indeed the future holds any blessings—the woman whose maternal creativity has turned to public spirit. She is a very Shavian woman. For the theme of her life is that we are public as well as private beings and that civilization depends on the spread of civic virtue. She is Shavian also in her mysticism, a side of her nature of which Mrs. Cole makes too little. Beatrice Webb wrote:

> How each of us determines our scale of values no one knows. For my part, I find it best to live "as if" the souls of men were in communion with a superhuman force which makes for righteousness. Like our understanding of nature through observations and reasoning, this communion with the spirit of love at work in the universe will be intermittent and incomplete, and it will frequently fail us. But a failure to know, and the fall from grace, is the way of all flesh.

One looks forward to the posthumous publication of Mrs. Webb's *Our Partnership*, in which the story of this other Marx-Engels combination will be told. Perhaps later we shall learn how Shaw made the duet into a trio, and how the combination of the three was an even more remarkable synthesis than that of the two. From there it is but a step to finding that Graham Wallas for a time made the trio into a most euphonious quartet, how indeed—if we remember our Fabian history from 1884 to the present—the quartet were only the leading players of a vast orchestra which in 1924 and 1931 played rather melancholy and unfinished overtures, but which today has the opportunity of playing a socialist symphony.

ERIC BENTLEY

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In Darkest Spain

Wind in the Olive Trees, by Abel Plenn. New York: Boni and Gaer. 341 pages. $3.

IN *Wind in the Olive Trees*, Abel Plenn, who was with the OWI in Madrid in 1944, in the days when Carlton J. H. Hayes was our Patrick Hurley there, has written the most complete and damaging analysis of Spain under Franco that I have seen since Thomas J. Hamilton's enlightening *Appeasement's Child*. A frank partisan of the Spanish Republic, Mr. Plenn is at the same time so factual and detailed in his reporting and so clearly well equipped for his studies that his book is far more than just an emotional indictment of fascism's remaining European citadel and our own part in keeping it intact. It is, among other things, a carefully itemized case history of its subject, setting down with names, places and dates the record of the sordid and brutal regime that the Western democracies helped to clamp upon the Spanish people.

Mr. Plenn leaves out few aspects of the theory and practice of the Franco state, with its grotesque amalgamation of the totalitarian and the medieval. He shows us its incompetence and its corruption, its internal struggles for power, its backwardness and its intolerance in the name of religion, its devious record of aid to the Axis during the war, its tortuous strivings after an imperialism of its own and its efforts to be dominant in Latin American lands, its driving of the people of Spain into slavery and its dangerous potentialities as sanctuary and laboratory for the renewal of Nazi-Fascist aggression. If only for the charnel house it has made of its own country, Spanish fascism would stand condemned. When he has completed his report Mr. Plenn leaves Franco, the Falange, the Royalists, the Carlists and the political church equally guilty for the wreckage of a nation which they have brought about.

Nevertheless, complete and essentially unanswerable as the author's indictment is, there is nothing that he brings up, save in details, that the world has not long known, just as it is unlikely that the United Nations investigating committee will bring forth any evidence that has not long been common property in the democracies. To this extent, the chief value of *Wind in the Olive Trees* is its documentation of the crimes of the Franco regime and its cheering indication that somehow the spirit of resistance still flames in the Spanish people. Beyond all this, however, the true importance of the book lies in the questions it brings up, and the answers it provides by implication, in regard to the most important issue concerning Spain today: the curious propensity of the democracies of the West to treat Franco with loving tenderness in action, no matter how harsh they may be about him in words.

Let us grant, perhaps over-generously, that there may be something to the contention of the United States and Britain that, although they really loathe Franco and all he stands for, they cannot move against him lest civil war once more torment the Spanish people and the threat of intervention drive them into patriotic support of their Caudillo. (Plenn would hardly grant even this, for he indicates that all the horrors of civil war exist in Spain now and have existed since the betrayal of the Republic, and that the Franco-hating populace would welcome the news that the democracies were on their side for a change.) However, conceding the point for a moment, it is obviously a feeble excuse for inaction when we have already told the Spaniards that we would like to see them change their government. Since the terror of the Franco police state makes any honest plebiscite on the Caudillo impossible, such advice to the people of Spain, without giving them a chance to overcome their oppressor, is playing a cruel and miserable joke on them that only the Falange could enjoy.

In the end, it seems impossible to escape the suspicion that our refusal to do anything about rectifying a great wrong we did the Spanish people when we helped make it impossible for them to resist fascism is based on no more honorable motive than fear and dislike of Russia. With signs increasing that dreams of vengeance are already beginning in Germany, Italy and Japan, and with clear evidence that Franco Spain is a fine incubating ground for a third Axis war, it does look as if the United States and Britain were more suspicious of the USSR than of their former enemies, which is just what the Russians have been suspecting all the time. Furthermore, our implied certainty that if the Spaniards overthrow fascism they will inevitably embrace bolshevism indicates that new national inferiority complex which always makes us so sure that any fresh, vigorous group of rebels against tyranny will instantaneously prefer Russia's form of democracy to ours. Our leaders must be very unsure of our own social system, or have a terrible sense of guilt about Spain.

If these reflections are general rather than specifically concerned with *Wind in the Olive Trees*, it is because one of the finest qualities of Mr. Plenn's book is its ability to

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stir the mind to contemplation of the entire question of that Franco Spain we have helped to create. There are many things in the work that deserve consideration, such as the author's fair but devastating picture of Ambassador Hayes at work, which suggests that my comparison of our wartime representative in Spain with our remarkable ex-Ambassador Hurley in China is no exaggeration. *Wind in the Olive Trees* is, above all else, however, an appeal to the American conscience. RICHARD WATTS JR.

Refugees from America

Southern California Country, by Carey McWilliams. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 387 pages. $3.75.

THE SPANISH SEAMEN thought they had found an island, "at the right hand of the Indies." Carey McWilliams affirms that Southern California, cut off from the east by mountains and desert, and from the north by the Tehachapi Range above Santa Barbara, does form a unique kind of "island on the land." It is a region lacking nearly everything in natural advantages, without good soils or harbors, without "forest and mineral resources, rivers, streams and lakes, adaptable flora and fauna, and a sustaining hinterland." The first settlers even concluded that fruit would not grow in its semi-desert aridity; and none of the signs by which we now know it are indigenous, neither the orange, nor the eucalyptus, nor the pepper tree, nor, thank God, the giant red geranium and the garish bougainvillea, which, planted side by side, make the typical garden look like a bad case of technicolor. The region's principal assets, which can cause even a Grade-B Western to be a pleasure to the eye, are simply light and air—a subtropical sunlight that would be unbearable unless it was tempered by the cooling breezes and mists from the sea.

McWilliams gives a comprehensive sketch of its not very extensive history. As one would expect from his excellent previous studies of racial minorities, he has no love for the Ramona legend, and tries to tell the story of the Missions, not from the point of view of the Franciscans, but from that of the Indians. He is at his best in the sections that relate the background to the foreground, in such chapters as "The Folklore of Climatology" and "The Sociology of the Boom." He hits the right tone to describe this realtor's dream when he says that "the growth of Southern California since 1870 should be regarded as one continuous boom punctuated at intervals by major explosions."

In charting its unparalleled rate of increase in population, more than 1,100 percent between 1900 and 1940, he says that a good working principle to keep in mind is that "here everything is upside down." A striking instance of that fact may be seen in the successive waves of migration, for here, unlike other parts of America, the rich came first, in the Pullman-car migration of the eighties and nineties, seeking a Riviera nearer home, "an Italy without the Italians." Only in the twenties, with the first migration of the automobile age, did the lower middle class begin really to pour in from Iowa; and only with the depression came the dispossessed workers, the Arkies and the Okies.

The cultural unreality of the result has struck every sensitive observer. Los Angeles is a metropolis without an

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—Richard Wright

Translated from the French by
HANNAH JOSEPHSON

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industrial base. Los Angeles County, highly urbanized, is nevertheless, thanks to irrigation, the richest agricultural county in America. The social organism tends to hang together as loosely as the parts of an "eunuchoid giant." But McWilliams is not content merely with repeating the familiar strictures, such as Bertrand Russell's remark that "Los Angeles represents the ultimate segregation of the unfit." McWilliams wants to probe the reasons why every religious cult and every freak movement in politics seem to have found their natural home here. Refugees have come from every part of America, and now those from Europe, at least the wealthier among them, have pushed to the westernmost point, on Pacific Palisades. They have been fleeing from many different things and seeking asylums of many different kinds. Not only did Aimee McPherson and the Townsend Plan discover their audiences waiting, but here also Mrs. Yeats received the occult communications which her husband recorded in *A Vision*, and here Huxley and Isherwood have become converts to Indian mysticism.

No population could be more rootless, and it is significant that since 1911 San Diego has maintained the highest suicide rate in the nation. For, as the author observes, "from San Diego there is no place else to go; you either jump into the Pacific or disappear into Mexico." But the remaining millions of the lonely and dispirited and restless respond with a terrifying violence to the Mighty I AM or to other crackpot schemes like Ham and Eggs. McWilliams, who has watched many such groups, remarks: "By the time an I AM audience repeat a chant the fourth time, they are shouting with all the frenzy of a mob of Nazis yelling *Sieg Heil!* Will some future historian regard this Buck Rogers phantasy as the first cult of the atomic age?"

This volume is crammed with information on every aspect of the region, on the citrus belt and the racial problems and "the island of Hollywood." My one criticism of it is that it is written too hastily and monotonously, and thereby fails to point up some of its material as vividly as it might. In his chapter dealing with politics, McWilliams voices his own hopes for the region. No one knows better than he that the sunkist City of the Angels has been in actuality one of our bloodiest arenas of social tension. An effective trade-union movement here dates only since 1937. But as a result of its growth, McWilliams begins to see signs now of some social integration. Though he does not mention it, he has himself been one of the most instrumental figures in that progress. By directing the successful fight in the Sleepy Lagoon case, he established an important precedent for the equitable treatment of the exploited Mexicans.

He is typical of 80 percent of the residents of the region in not being a native son, but he dedicates his book to the kind of native son to whom he envisages the future as belonging—to the New Deal Democrat, Robert Kenny. McWilliams believes that the Spanish seamen were right, after all: that the land they found is now inevitably to be linked in destiny with the lands across the Pacific. Affected himself by the light and air, he can also see the region as a kind of earthly paradise, "abounding in gold" certainly, but, equally certainly, "infested with many griffins."

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

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A Reader's List

Torrents of Spring, by Robert Payne (Dodd, Mead, $2.75). The sensitive, lyric, somewhat mystic talents of a new interpreter of modern China, whose *Forever China* received much critical praise, are brought to bear on a short novel about the days when Sun Yat-sen was still plotting unsuccessfully against the Manchu Dynasty. The story is chiefly concerned with the idyllic existence of three charming children of a tolerant official in the service of the Dowager Empress, and their enthusiastic but inept participation in the young revolutionary movement. The author writes charmingly, and his picture of life among the well-to-do Chinese in the misty gorges of Szechuan, circa 1908, is decorative and appealing, but the revolutionary ferment of those days is less skillfully done. This is to be the first of a series of novels by Mr. Payne on the background of republican China.

Burma Surgeon Returns, by Gordon S. Seagrave (Norton, $3). This is Dr. Seagrave's account of the return to Burma of his much publicized medical unit, whose retreat with Stilwell was described in his earlier *Burma Surgeon.* The unit, which provided medical support for the Chinese-American campaign to clear northeast Burma, was probably the most unorthodox in the American Army, consisting of Americans, Chinese, English, a refugee Pole, and the Burmese—the last including Seagrave's efficient and photogenic nurses. While a part of the American Army the unit functioned less rigidly than most units, and one suspects that when necessary it broke about every regulation in the book. Dr. Seagrave describes his associates with affection and the Burmese people with respect. The book ends with their return to Namkham, the site of their missionary hospital. Throughout, Seagrave seems more physician than missionary and one gathers that he and his sponsor, the American Baptist Burma Missions, are not always in agreement. The writing is always engaging, sometimes naïve.

Full Employment and Free Trade, by Michael Polanyi (Macmillan, $2.75). This distinguished Cambridge economist accepts Keynes's monetary theory without qualification, but disagrees with the programs of most of those who want to apply it. He is strongly opposed to all socialistic measures and even to milder state intervention like compensatory spending on public works, or regulation of private investment. Necessary additions to circulation can and should be made, he believes, in ways which do not affect the allocation of economic resources governed by what he regards as a free market. He wants to restore free trade both at home and abroad, sacrificing only the gold standard. A competent and interesting treatise with which most progressive economists will disagree.

All These People: The Nation's Human Resources in the South, by Rupert B. Vance (North Carolina, $5). A regional novelist may never refer to anything beyond his own tragic ground. Every reader of *Tobacco Road* can supply from his own experience the standards required for an understanding of its social significance. But not even a statistician can remember enough statistics adequately to appraise isolated data pertaining to a given region. In this statistical report, Professor Vance has been compelled to present his data on the Southern people in relation to comparable information about five other major regions and the United States as a whole. The result is the best available handbook on the American population. The usual demographic materials are supplemented by an analysis of health, education and economic status. The author has fully and capably documented the present position of his people and paced the distance they have yet to travel before becoming equal participants in the further progress of the nation.

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The Crystal Boat, by Dorothy Erskine (*Fischer, $2.50*). Of a pattern all too familiar, but redeemed both by the author's knowledge of thirteenth-century Scotland and her sinuous, periodic prose, this is a tale of Janet, a girl of noble blood, who runs away from home because her insensitive family has betrothed her to a man she doesn't love. She has already given her heart to a young monk, when King Alexander III makes her his favorite at court, which leads to the vengeance of the queen and the downfall of Janet. The monk, Guibert, aids her to escape, and the fairy-tale pattern, with a wry twist at the end, is complete. All is in a very minor, but decorative, vein, and the background —accurately and lovingly presented—rather than the characters, dominates the book.

New Republic News

One of our Washington readers sends us a story about the power of Schloss's cartoons. A friend of hers is a member of the American committee of experts discussing the terms of the proposed French loan. He saw the Schloss drawing about the French loan discussions in our April 15 issue (p. 492), clipped it out and took it along with him to that morning's meeting with M. Blum and his assistants. At the meeting, it was passed around among the French and American experts. Heads nodded and lips twitched with smiles.

The news this week is that the decision will be to recommend a billion-dollar loan. "Zeke" Schloss walks around the office with a slightly dizzy air. As yet he hasn't asked for a raise.

• • •

Malcolm Cowley, one of our contributing editors, is the editor of a volume of William Faulkner's writings for the Viking Portable Library. The central theme for the selections is the mythical Mississippi county with which most of Faulkner's works deal. Mr. Cowley recently compiled a Hemingway volume for the same series.

• • •

John Cheever has a story in the May 4 *New Yorker* in which one of the characters says, "I can't read the *New Republic*. They print it on such vile paper. It has warts and hairs sticking out of it." As an old *NR* contributor (we published his first piece, "Expelled," written when he was sixteen), Mr. Cheever is used to having his copy checked for accuracy. A research assistant, after looking through the files of *NR's* for the past five months, gives us her verdict. Nary a wart, Mr. Cheever, nary a wart.

• • •

Michael Straight's WLIB Friday night program will be moved up from 6:45 to 7:00 p. m. on May 24.

R. H. S. Crossman, a member of Parliament, served on the Anglo-American Commission, whose report on Palestine was published a few weeks ago. A former assistant editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*, he is the author of *Government and the Governed* and *How We Are Governed*. During the war he served as Deputy Director of Psychological Warfare, first at Algiers and later at SHAEF. His article in this issue appeared in the *New Statesman and Nation* (London) for May 11.

George Orwell is literary editor of the London *Tribune* and European correspondent for the London *Observer*. A collection of his essays, *Dickens, Dali and Others*, was recently published by Reynal and Hitchcock, and his controversial *Animal Farm*, to be published by Harcourt, Brace, is a reserve selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. His essay in this issue is reprinted by permission from *Tribune* (London).

A. v. A. van Duym is display manager for the Scribner Bookstore, New York City.

Eric Bentley, assistant professor of English at the University of Minnesota and an advisory editor of the *Kenyon Review*, is author of *A Century of Hero Worship* and the forthcoming *The Playwright as Thinker*.

Richard Watts Jr., critic and foreign correspondent, covered the Spanish civil war on two occasions for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

F. O. Matthiessen, professor of History and Literature at Harvard University, describes himself as "a native son of Southern California who has migrated to New England."

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